

Birthdays and Ann



4th Birthday
Tracy will celebrate his 4th birthday September 28th at his home.

Tracy was a teacher and principal of the Pocahontas County School for forty-five years. For the last five summers he has been the W. V. Agriculture Service directing 4-H work in every county in West

Virginia and his wife. Vere Tracy retired from teaching they have a Hilltop Motor home. They worked together so hard for ten years in the school that many of their friends are cherished friends.

Tracy is looking forward to the Green Bank High School of 1926 will have it's 50th anniversary. The class of '26 is planning the placement of the marker on the front lawn of Green Bank School.

VOL 50, NO 43

BIG BEAR KILLED

June 1, Charles and Dallas Tracy, Charles Sheets, Jake McLeod, Andy Gelger and little Bill Taylor (aged 10 years) went into Cheat to get the big bear that has been hanging out around Bald Knob since last fall. He was supposed to be waiting for the farmers to turn their sheep into the mountain range this spring. The Tracys and little Bill took the seven bear dogs to look for fresh sign, while the rest took stands. The sign was found on top of Cheat, back of the Hoover place. They jumped the bear about nine o'clock. In a short chase the dogs overhauled the bear, and in the first round he landed on old "Nig," the best fighting dog, and put him out of the fight for keeps. The bear then got a swipe at "Chainy", and creased him pretty deeply with one claw, and that dog retired to his master. "Nip" went out of the fight when his pal "Nig" was knocked out, stayed by him, and got the wounded dog home on June 3. Thus by noon the bear had put three good dogs out of the chase. However, the other dogs Max, Jim, Jack and Mutt stayed on the job and made the bear hunt wallow holes until four o'clock, and then the hunters called it a day and went in.

The next morning Dallas and Jake went with the dogs. The Tracys said all the dogs in Pocahontas could not tree that bear. Again about nine o'clock the bear was jumped, and after a chase of nearly an hour the party heard Dallas shoot once, and then give the signal to come. He was a monster bear.

One of the party writes: "I do not know how such a brute could get through the laurel thickets on Cheat Mountain, but I could very well understand why he would not tree—he did not have to. He could take care of himself on the ground. How much would he weigh? His hide weighed around 100 pounds, and measured seventy-nine feet. His foot measured seven inches across the ball. The Tracys said he was the biggest one of the 26 bears they have killed. All I know is he was a whopper. The pelt was black and in beautiful condition. We pressed the weight at 300 pounds and better. Five or six men had to pull the hide and some 300 pounds of meat. The brute was so fat, cutting nearly three inches of fat on the rump. We left all but the four quarters for the ravens, close birds being plentiful on Cheat Mountain."

Mingo Flats, W. Va. Site Of First International Hockey Match In U. S.

* * *
By RICHARD HALL, of Mingo, W. Va.

Fifty years ago, early in the year 1883, the quiet little community of Mingo Flats, in Randolph county, was visited by two young Englishmen, on the lookout for a grazing farm. They were: R. B. Cholmondelay and C. H. R. Bruce, with them was their cook and servant, W. P. Loyd.

They purchased the farm and home of Amos Hevener, and were soon settled and accepted into the life of the community. It was not long, however, until more Englishmen came, and early in the 90's there were more than fifty men in the colony, not to mention their wives, children and servants.

Of English Breeding

In most cases the landowners were younger sons of well-to-do families in England. They were attracted to the United States to learn sheep and cattle farming. Hearing, no doubt, that good land was plentiful and cheap in West Virginia, they came into the state across the Alleghany mountains from Virginia.

A feature contributed by an Exponent-Telegram reader.

It was not long until these men had begun to introduce English customs and manners into the community. They were a sport-loving

12 a. m.—Dinner "Barbecue."

1 p. m.—Stable duty.

2 p. m.—Baseball game. "Marlington Greys vs. Mingo Magpies," played at Mingo, West Virginia, U. S. A.

5 p. m.—Refreshments.

6:30 p. m.—Supper.

7 p. m.—Dress parade.

12 p. m.—Taps.

If some one does not come forward with conflicting statistics, the citizens of Mingo claim that the first international hockey match ever played in the United States was played at Mingo. The records do not show the result of that interesting engagement. It is safe to say, however, that England carried the day.

Since "refreshments" have such an important place on the program, one would guess that Arthur Lawson did not follow closely in the footsteps of his illustrious father.

Orderly Farms

It must not be thought that these hardy Englishmen spent all their time at play. They were, on the contrary, most progressive farmers. They brought with them the Englishman's love for orderliness and system. Their homes were not pretentious, but they were well kept and beautiful. The farms were kept clean, fences were always in the best repair, being built of boards and white-

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A feature contributed by an Exponent-Telegram reader.

It was not long until these men had begun to introduce English customs and manners into the community. They were a sport-loving lot and they introduced a new brand of sports to the people in Randolph and Pocahontas counties. Soccer football was played at Mingo as early as 1892. They brought with them the first hammerless guns and first fly rods ever seen in that section.

A Day's Sports

One of the many interesting and unusual individuals of this unique settlement was Sir Arthur Lawson. (He inherited the title when he returned to England.) He was the son of Sir Wilfred Lawson, known as England's "Great Teetotaler."

Arthur Lawson came to Mingo in 1895. He soon became a leader in the sporting life of the settlement. The following is a program compiled by the late Sir Arthur Lawson. It shows something of the nature of the games and pastimes:

Program of Sports

"Mingo Bonspiel and Carnival Celebrations"

August 5, 1905

"Fair Play and No Favors"

6 a. m.—Reveille.

7 a. m.—Breakfast.

8 a. m.—Guard mount.

9 a. m.—Drill.

10 a. m.—International Hockey match. (America vs. England. Played in Lawson's Meadow.)

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About the year 1892 a race track was built on Mingo Flats. It still can be seen on the farm of J. M. Leale. It was a half-mile track and was used for horse and foot races. Mr. S. H. Wood, well-known merchant and citizen of Mingo, tells interestingly how the Englishman came to him to engage his services in laying out the track. Mr. Wood had learned something about surveying, so with the aid of a roll of Manila rope and a transit, Mr. Wood laid out Randolph county's first race course, and an excellent job it was.

Prizes Not Important

At this historic track, during the summer and fall months, races were frequently held. No admission was ever charged, nor were any fancy prizes given to the winners. Mr. Wood says that the prizes were sometimes a five-cent tin cup, purchased at his store. However, the competition was great.

The subject of races brings us to the steeplechase which the English held each year. This race was run over a five-mile course, full of hazards, such as rail fences, laurel thickets and streams of water. Hundreds of people came from all points to witness the steeplechase. Spills were plentiful, although no one was ever seriously hurt. One horse was killed during a race, the records show.

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Highland Tragedy

The only Englishman who died at Mingo and was buried at the Mingo cemetery figured in a famous long-distance race with Dr. Norman Price, of Marlinton. The race was run on foot from Mingo to Marlinton, a distance of twenty-seven miles. It is said the Eng-

lishman, E. S. L. Grews, won the race. The strain was so great that his health was never the same afterward.

Grews went hunting alone one day during the winter. He did not return, and a search was organized. His body was found on a large rock on the bank of Big Run, not far from where the aviator, Bobbit, met his fate on Christmas day, 1931. Grews had frozen to death, and the blame was laid to his weakened condition caused by the long race with Dr. Price. Fishermen angling for trout on Big Run will come to a large wooden cross which is cemented in the rock at the place Grews' body was found.

Marks Horse's Grave

The English loved their horses and dogs. Sir Arthur Lawson thought so much of "Trixie," his favorite hunter, that when she died he put a marble slab to her grave and planted a hemlock tree over it. The grave still remains on the Lawson farm, which is now owned by Mrs. F. P. Marshall, of Mingo.

Polo was tried, but the hunter type of horse did not prove a good polo pony, so the game was dropped from the list of sports. The Englishman's delight in fox chasing on horses could not be fully enjoyed, because of the geography of the land. Paper chases took the place of fox chasing, and was no less interesting and exciting.

One man was given a good start with two sacks of torn paper. He

Hot Springs, Va.), Reggie Tuke (1889), Cecil Tuke, Douglas Hodson (1891), George Tompkins, R. C. Hales, Pat Montgomery, P. C. Puckle, Ruben Vint, Hubert Ernshaw and mother, Burt Ernshaw and wife (1893), E. K. Bruce, James Dunk, Earnest Hebden and wife, W. P. Hill, A. Hazelrigg (killed in Boar war), Mr. Hainstock, Brooke Hunt (1894), C. M. Burden and wife, M. L. Bowen, C. H. Pinnell, E. S. L. Grews (buried at Mingo cemetery; (1893), Thomas Ricketts, Dashwood Ricketts (1894), Albert Kay, O. N. Miles (present pastor of Mingo Presbyterian church; resides at Marlinton), J. C. Foster, C. C. Dacres, James Larkins, Mr. Metcalf, Frank Clevenger and sister, Harriett Clevenger (1895), Jack Bruce, Hubert Edwards, Bertie Edwards (1902).

Their Record Lives

"Fairview," the farm of Archie Bruce, now belongs to J. H. Beale, of Mingo. "Duffrin," the Lawson farm, is owned by Mrs. F. P. Marshall, of Mingo. G. N. Wilson, clerk of the circuit court of Randolph county, owns the Grews farm. The West Virginia Pulp and Paper Company owns the Charlie Bruce and Meek farms. J. H. Jordan, Mace, Pocahontas county, owns the Hebden farm. Patrick Vandevander, Linwood, Pocahontas county, owns the Latimer Tuke farm. Ellett Ramsey, Valley Head, Randolph county, owns the Reggie

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put his horse over the roughest
and most hazardous ground, laying
a trail of paper as he went. Soon
fifteen or twenty men and women
were after him. The first to reach
the leader was credited with mak-
ing the "kill."

Return to World War

The settlement did not break up
entirely until the World war. Sev-
eral of the colonists went back to
England to join their regiments.
Some of the young men were killed
in action during the early days of
the war. Lieutenant Christopher
Hodson was killed in action in
1917. A son of Archie Bruce went
down with his ship in the North
Sea. Major E. K. Bruce, a veteran
of the Sudan war and the Boar
war, as well as the World war,
now lives in England. The old ma-
jor is past 80 years, but still en-
joys good health. Mrs. S. H. Wood,
of Mingo, received a letter from
him this last Christmas.

Prominent Names

The following list of names will
be familiar to many citizens of
central West Virginia:

R. B. Cholmondelay, C. H. R.
Bruce, W. P. Lloyd, 1883 (Mrs.
Bruce, two children and three ser-
vants came to Mingo in 1898),
Herbert Carter, H. El-Meek (1885),
Herbert Beauclerk (1886), Chry-
stopher Hodson (1891), H. S. Veum,
James Hebden and wife, A. D.
Bruce, wife and maid, W. T. Lang-
worthy, J. D. Langworthy, James
McKenzie (1892), S. D. Durmond,
Mr. West (1896).

Latimer Tuke (now living at

Clevenger and sister, Harriett
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lett Ramsey, Valley Head, Ran-
dolph county, owns the Reggie
Tuke farm. A Mr. Hoover owns
the Hodgson farm at Linwood, Po-
cahontas county.

The passing of this colony of
splendid men and women was re-
gretted by all who knew them.
Their honesty, courtesy and clean,
fair play, was of boundless influ-
ence to the community in which
they lived. All who remember
them speak with praise of their
ever-ready help for the needy and
sympathy for the suffering. Min-
go, and Randolph and Pocahontas
counties, are better for their hav-
ing lived there.

2-29-40 TALL TALES P.T.

By Jack Prebles in Steubenville, Ohio
Herald Star:

Last week end Slugger Martin and myself made our winter pilgrimage into the mountains of West Virginia. While in Marlinton we heard a story that's a wow. It seems like the mountaineers in that section of Pocahontas county have been pestered with panthers, coyotes and other strange varments, all raising havoc with the sheep, calves and deer. Then to top it all off the news got around from Webster Springs that some new fangled kind of a critter resembling a "blue-faced devil" was responsible for all these depredations. No one had ever seen this devil or observed his tracks.

The stock killing finally reached such proportions on one man's tract of land that he decided to organize all his friends and relations into a gigantic varmint drive. They met bright and early one morning at this man's home, hound dogs and all. As they were mapping their campaign and planning ways and means to combat this menace in the knee deep snow, the cabin door was suddenly flung open by a white-faced, almost breathless hunter who gasped, "Gosh a-mighty, kinfolks, grab yore shootin' arms for the devil hisself's jest left tracks across the pasture lot!"

No time was lost in assembling and turning loose the assorted cat and dog dogs. Fresh shells were thrown into the various firearms and out into the deep snow they floundered. The chase was on! They soon reached the old pasture lot and found the tracks of the varmint clearly outlined in the snow. We were told they were at least fourteen inches wide and about twenty inches long, that they were oval in shape and had the stride of a six foot man. No amateur hun-

they should engage the devil. Soon they broke through a clump of balsam fir and saw far ahead the shuffling figure of the varmint. With a final burst of speed they closed in on this figure and discovered to their disgust and disappointment it was nothing but the local game warden trying out for the first time his new mail order bear paw showshoes.

The hunters were so shame faced they tried to hush the story up and no paper in that part of the state would print a word of it. As we do not expect to be back in that part of the world until trout season opens I feel free to write it. Maybe it will all blow over when I return. At least I hope so for those fellows are crack shots with their "shootin' arms".

The recent winter's extreme cold and deep snow has been a marvel to the southern mountaineers. For the first time in many a year the game wardens and forest rangers have used snow shoes and skis to navigate the forests. I have no idea what a mountaineer would mistake a ski track for. Possibly think he was on the trail of a snow snake or something.

We also heard a good story from the lips of G. D. McNeill, superintendent of schools in Marlinton. Mr. McNeill is a gentleman of the old school with a delicious sense of humor and author of "Camp Fires on Happy Rivers." His daughter, Louise McNeill, is the author of "Gauley Mountain." Mr. McNeill told me about the city fellow that came into the mountains last fall to hunt grouse and woodcock. He borrowed an excellent bird dog from a mountaineer friend and started out all alone. He was warned against getting lost in the woods but paid his advisors scant attention. Late in the day toward dusk, the city fellow attempted to find his way back to the cabin. He was hopelessly lost.

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and planning ways and means to combat this menace in the knee deep snow, the cabin door was suddenly flung open by a white-faced, almost breathless hunter who gasped, "Gosh a-mighty, kinfolks, grab yore shootin' arms for the devil hisself's jest left tracks acrost the pasture lot!"

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Up the mountain side and across the glades through tangled thickets of spruce and laurel and down and up another mountain side. This tracking kept up for over six hours. Finally the gigantic tracks grew firmer and plainer, the hunters more and more excited. Only a matter of a few minutes now until they should sight the monster devil. Again and again the firearms were inspected and the tired dogs urged on to greater efforts who were by now practically swimming in the deep snow.

Then a blustering discussion arose as to who in the party should receive the hide and most of the critter but this seemed to be nothing but a stall log off of the critical moment when

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After floundering around for several hours and getting no place he decided to make a night of it in a nest of leaves and make another try for civilization in the morning. Calling the faithful dog over to him for companionship and safe keeping the hunter twisted the dog's chain securely into his vest for an anchor and then composed himself for an unbroken night's sleep.

He awakened in the morning to find the dog gone—and stranger still, his heavy knitted underwear had vanished from underneath his fully clothed body. But a shriveled piece of cord still remained attached to his vest button. Gathering in this twisted cord the hunter proceeded to follow it.

For over three miles he tracked the thread and reeled it in. And, believe it or not, this thread was his own underwear that had been snagged by a projecting iron sliver on the dog chain. It led him directly back to the mountain cabin he had left the morning before. The other end of the raveled out underwear was still attached to the the bird dog when they called him out from under the cabin. Wonderful are the things one finds in Nature and West Virginia.

" BUFORDS "

Dear Editor:

7-6-33

I have noticed from your columns the last few months that you have a pretty good stock of what Lowell Thomas would call "tall stories."

I wonder if you know that the Greenbrier country produced the original "tall story" teller long before Pocahontas County was born. My grandfather, Enoch Ewing, born and bred on Swago Creek, and 11 years of age when his father, William, moved to Ohio in 1810, used to chuckle over a line of what he called "Bufords."

One was about a pioneer hunter, who discovered six owls sitting in a row upon the limb of a tree. The hunter, in order to get a better position where he could pick off one at a time, observed as he moved around, the faces of the owls followed him. He made a complete circle and the owls kept their faces toward him all the way around. A happy thought struck him that if he kept on going around the circle, the owls would twist their heads off. At the completion of the second trip around, their heads dropped off, and the hunter had six birds without firing a shot.

The other one I recall was about a pioneer who was out in the woods splitting rails. The log was large and tough. Just as he was entering a wedge, he was surprised by the appearance of four Indians. The Indians pretended to be friendly, but the rail splitter was dubious. The Indians, he noticed, were very much interested in the process of rail splitting and looked on with much concern. The pioneer was fairly caught,

November, 1967



MR. MACE OF HOG MOUNTAIN

Paul Lake

When Mr. Rowell assigned each of the students in the two journalism classes a character sketch on a teacher, I thought it was going to be a routine assignment.

Was it?

Not for me it wasn't! I picked Mr. Mace as the teacher I was to interview.

He seemed like just any other better than average teacher, though I did detect a subtle sense of humor which has helped to liven up many history lectures. But I wasn't at all prepared for what took place at the interview which I had with him.

My first question was a simple one, "When were you born?"

Mr. Mace gazed out of the window and seemed to be turning the pages of his life back one by one. Then he told me that he was born in 1879 and that he was 88 years old.

My second question was "Where were you born?"

Still gazing out of the window he told me that he was born on Hog Mountain. (Yes, you read it right--Hog Mountain.)

Hog Mountain, I learned, was a large area which covers parts of Virginia. West Virginia and North Carolina. Also, South Carolina, eastern Tennessee and northern Georgia.

I believed him! (How can you doubt a man who's 88 years old?)

After these initial questions were answered, this wise old sage related to me the rest of his life.

He had a "normal childhood."

Unlike other people, Mr. Mace never had to learn to read and write. He was "born literate." The reason he knows on what day he was born is that he read it in the "Hog Mountain Chronicle."

Although for the first ten years of his life he lived in "a great big hollow tree." (They cooked outside, naturally.) He was quite a prodigy.

At the age of three he was making corn liquor from a still which he made himself. Later he helped his grandfather raise "balancing hogs."

He started his formal education at age 25.

He graduated from "The College of Hard Knocks" with honors and from there attended seven other universities.

Mr. Mace met his wife in jail. He was visiting a relative who was arrested for making "anti-freeze" and his future wife was there visiting a relative who was arrested for drinking "anti-freeze."

It wasn't love-at-first sight, though, they went together for 18 years before becoming engaged.

Mr. Mace now teaches history here at Edgewood and resides in his home. He is "the master of his home" although he says, "I have stopped beating my wife."

Besides trying to break Methuzala's record for years lived, Mr. Mace is an amateur musician and he reads quite a bit. He is quite a character.



5-25-67

Dr. Reed Davis, Dean at West Virginia Institute of Technology at Montgomery, will speak to the Seniors of Marlinton High School at their Commencement on Thursday evening, May 25, at 8:00 p. m. in the Marlinton Methodist Church. Dr. Davis is a graduate of Marlinton High School and a former teacher here.

'WAY BACK WHEN

Do you remember 'way back when
(Say thirty, forty years)

You never saw your sweetheart's
limbs,

But judged her by her ears?

The kids were washed each Saturday
night,

Their daddy cut their hair,

Their suits were made from uncle's
pants.

They wore no underwear.

Women padded but didn't paint.

Nor smoke, nor drink, nor vote

The men wore boots and small stiff
hats

And whiskers like a goat.

Not a soul had appendicitis,

Nor thought of buying glands;

The butcher gave his liver away

But charged you for his hams,

You never had a bank account,

Your beer scored six per cent.

The hired girl got three bucks a week

And twelve boys paid the rent.—An

old newspaper clipping sent in by

Mrs Mary F. Gum, of Marlinton.

3-5-20

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POCAHONTAS TIMES

Entered at the Postoffice at Marlinton, W. Va., at second class matter.

CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY, AUG. 24, 1950

They Sent It In

After your dog is eight years old, treat him as an old servant who has served you well and and faithfully. Speak just a little more softly to him, let him take just a little more time getting up stairs, cut his food just a little more finely, as his tail wags heavily in appreciation, for that is much easier than for him to bound to you and leap up in joy as often he was known to do. Have a thought in memory for the young years of serving he gave you without a whimper of regret. You are his last hold on things earthly and you are still to him his god and the most important personage in the world. —From West Virginia Hills and Streams.

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THURSDAY, AUG. 24, 1960

They Sent It In

After your dog is eight years old, treat him as an old servant who has served you well and and faithfully. Speak just a little more softly to him, let him take just a little more time getting up stairs, cut his food just a little more finely, as his tail wags heavily in appreciation, for that is much easier than for him to bound to you and leap up in joy as often he was known to do. Have a thought in memory for the young years of serving he gave you without a whimper of regret. You are his last hold on things earthly and you are still to him his god and the most important personage in the world.
—From West Virginia Hills and Streams.



The Gibson Reunion of July 2, 1972, Willie and Stella Gibson and their 12 children were together for the first time, as the oldest child was married on the day the youngest was born. Of their 31 grandchildren, 20 of them were present, and of 4 great-grandchildren 3 were present.

Mrs. Goldie Sampson, of Upland, California, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Laboe and daughter, Susie, her husband, George and their 2 children, Robert and George, IV, of Wyandotte, Michigan, Mrs. Geneive Dinkins and daughter, Judy, of Lighthouse Point, Florida, Mrs. Mamie Napier and children, Mark and Vickie, of Columbia, South Carolina, Mr. and Mrs. Sterl Gibson and children, Lloyd, Boyd, Randy and Sandy, of Charleston, S. C. Mrs. Penny Drewery and 3 of her children, Michael and friend, Nancy, Barbara Ann, Debbie and her husband, Bruce and their daughter, Sherrie, of Taylor, Michigan, Kemp Gibson, of Charlesmont, Massachusetts, Mrs. Dottie Gay and friend, Harvey, and her two children, Jeff and Teri, Vermilion, Ohio, Mr. and Mrs. Collett Gibson and children, Allen, Harry, and Diane, of St. Jose, California, Mr. and Mrs. Jerry VanReenan and daughter, Jeri Leah, of Marlinton, Mr. and Mrs. Granville Gibson and son, Steven, of Fresno, California, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Palko and daughters, Sandy and Linda Louise, of Avon Lake, Ohio.

Miss Mary Ann Corbett is visiting her uncle and aunt, Colonel and Mrs. E. H. Lahti, at Herndon, Virginia.

Mrs. Thomas N. Allebaugh, the former Elizabeth Baker Hannah and granddaughter of Mrs. Levie Hannah, of Mustoe, Virginia, attended an Economics Seminar in New York last week. Mrs. Allebaugh is a member of the high school faculty at Broadway, Virginia.

CASS - West Virginia's Cass National Railroad, one of America's largest tourist lines, will receive three additional steam locomotives in the near future, according to Kermit McKeever, chief of the Division of Parks and Recreation. The logging-type locomotives are being acquired to provide adequate motive power for increased business and to complete the acquisition of all three types of rare logging engines, McKeever said.

Two of the Iron Horses are of the Shay design, most popular logging engine used in the nation's woods between 1890 and 1960. The third locomotive is a "Climax," rarest logging machine built and thought to be the last such engine available for restoration in the world.

The need for back-up motive power to be used at Cass on peak days has been acute since railroad excursion service was extended to the top of Bald Knob, West Virginia's second-highest mountain, in 1968. During 1970, when the line carried 71,105 persons to set an all-time record, as many as 150 persons were turned away on Sundays for lack of available equipment.

Largest of the new engines is a "Pacific Coast" type super-Shay, designed in the late 1920's by Lima Locomotive Works in Ohio as the ultimate steam engine design in the world, which was sold in large quantities to timber firms on the west coast. None of the huge Shays ever worked in the east, according to John P. Killoran, a state park official who located the engines and arranged for their purchase.

The big Shay has operated in switching and logging service throughout the Canadian province of British Columbia since it was built in 1928 and was purchased by the Cass Railroad from Vancouver Wharves in

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The big Shay has operated a ranching and logging service throughout the Canadian province of British Columbia since it was built in 1928 and was purchased by the Cass Railroad from Vancouver Wharves in

North Vancouver, B. C. It was in revenue service until Sept.

21. The engine, which weighs almost 100 tons, will outpull the largest existing Cass engine by over 25 per cent, Killoran said.

Assigned Cass number "2," the Canadian logger will be used to haul trains on the tough Bald Knob run, where it will handle three cars more than the former engines used on that run. It is an oil-burning locomotive, meaning that smoke emission is drastically reduced along with emission of sparks which have been known to set small track-side fires.

A second Shay located on the west coast will also come to Cass for extended service. The 90-ton oil burning engine is being leased to the Cass Railroad by the Oregon Historical Society of Portland, which acquired it from the Mount Emily Lumber Company a dozen years ago.

Both Shays will be moved from their present locations to Cass on special heavy-duty flat cars by the Burlington Northern and Chesapeake and Ohio-Baltimore and Ohio Railroads. Transportation charges, which could have amounted to several thousand dollars, were donated to the Cass program by the two railroad companies through the cooperation of the Association of American Railroads.

Acquisition of a "Climax" type engine was an especially significant event for Cass. The park system has sought an engine of this rare type for several years to place with their several Shays and equally unique Heisler type logging locomotive to make the first complete collection of logging engines in the country.

According to Pacific Railroad News, one of the most authoritative rail logging publications in America, the Cass Railroad will be the first U. S. museum or rail attraction to operate each type of geared

steam locomotive.

The Climax, a 70-ton engine, was the last of its type to operate commercially in the United States, being used by the Middle Fork Railroad at Ellamore — between Elkins and Buckhannon — until 1960. Since that time it has been stored for possible use on a tourist line planned for that area. The Natural Resources Department acquired it in November of 1970 from Robert Johnson of Rossville, Ga., promoter of the Ellamore project, after his plans for that area were dropped because of re-establishment of service on the railroad for coal hauling.

Additional passenger cars for the railroad are being constructed by the line's shop from former logging cars donated to the state by Clinchfield Coal Co. and Georgia Pacific Corp., McKeever said. Two such cars were finished this fall, with three additional coaches due for completion by the time the Cass line opens for its 1971 season.

The operating schedule of the Cass Scenic Railroad will also be expanded next year, McKeever announced. Three daily trains to Whittaker Station, an eight mile round trip, will be added Tuesdays during the summer months, running at 11 a.m., 1 and 3 p.m. A special train will operate on eight Sundays to connect with newly announced mainline steam excursions to Cass from the Ronc ever te - Lewisburg-White Sulphur Springs region. These runs will also terminate at Whittaker Station, McKeever said.

Additional passengers on the popular 22 mile trip to Bald Knob will be handled by extra cars and locomotives on the noon daily run. The super-power west coast Shays will be used to increase capacity on this trip, which saw an almost 50 per cent increase in ticket sales during 1970.

Both new Shays are expected

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to be ready for service after moderate shop repairs. The Climax engine, stored for over 10 years out of doors, will require an extensive overhaul and may not be operated for several years, although it will be available for display to Cass visitors in 1971, McKeever concluded.



The Big Spring Presbyterian Church

By Sherff Given

BIG SPRING PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

On Sunday morning, Oct. 8, 1989, I was out of bed at 6:30 a.m. and on my way from Webster Springs, across lovely Point Mountain, passing the Hamrick, Gregory, Riggleman reunion grounds, observing nature as it changes from summer to fall. The lovely colors of the leaves presented an awesome look as we pass through the last of the 20th century. I stopped at Tomlin's Restaurant and Motel, 4 miles out of Valley Head on 219 and scenic Route 55, just across the Pocahontas County line and only a stone's throw from Mingo Pass and the great dreamer, and much honored statue of Robert E. Lee, the great traveler, and fighter and conqueror of Mingo Pass, John Logan. Their statues are only 1/4 mile apart. After breakfast, driving another two miles, passing the Big Spring Country Store, Restaurant and Bar, arriving in the country church yard of the Big Spring Presbyterian Church to be greeted by 22 local community leaders.

Mr. Rice, the young carpenter, energetic preacher from Evans and Randolph County who is lay speaker and preacher for three Presbyterian churches, Mingo, Big Spring and Mary's Chapel, above Ralph Beden's church. Mr. Rice, a good looking, well-spoken, well-dressed, well-made individual delivered an excellent sermon on the family and family problems. He ended his sermon by saying a very short prayer and was always seen on the front row, and was always sitting after the first two minutes of the sermon. Mr. Rice had to close his eyes to the other church members.

I am related to Boyd Tomlin, a long-time native of the Big Spring area. Mr. Rice is the pastor of the

Big Spring Presbyterian Church, a local cattle owner and farmer, who puts up hay till the frost comes, and the sun's heating rays vanish.

The preacher's pulpit directly in front of a built-in observation vestibule, with 3 English style chairs, purchased years ago from an abandoned church in Tucker County, close to St. George and the older CCC camp. They have very ordinary pulpits and an old fashioned piano with excellent sound. Mrs. Hazel Vandevender touched the keys with gifted fingers, as the 21 guests joined with altos, bass, tenors. Everybody was all smiles as the sounds disappeared upward in the 35-foot ceiling of #1 3-inch spruce ceiling from Mower Lumber Co. of Cass. The church had 4 foot of fir wainscoting, about 20 foot of wood lathe covered with plaster, a sloped ceiling of #1 3-inch spruce on the rafter slope of 12' on 12' slope, a 16' x 16' flue of brick was in the center of the church, with a coal stove on one side, and a fuel oil stove on the other side, both unconnected and the church heated today with a fuel oil furnace.

The church, built in the winter and spring of 1909 and 1910, by a Mr. Cool for \$370 and paid for \$50 monthly, was dedicated in 1911. The first pastor was a Mr. Gibbs. Mr. Robert Hudson from Union of Monroe County, was the lay speaker for the dedication. Much could be said about this dedication, everybody for miles around was in attendance. It was like the big log rollings of the early 1900s, a big picnic, a square dance, a little drinking, and usually a fight, and sometimes a little shooting. This dedication was no different than modern day dedications of the early 1900s. If you can find someone who attended this dedication, they could tell you an interesting story.

It might be well that some of our people at Snowdon and Silver Creek from the "Island in the Sky," dropped to the lower altitude, and attend the Big Spring Church services, held each Sunday morning at 10:00 a.m. with Mr. Rice, at the pulpit and Hazel Vandevender on the piano, and Big Spring's best farmer on the observation plane. Mr. Rice, however,

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I am seated by Boyd Vandevender, a long-time native, across the aisle is Big Springs' outstanding farmer Mr. Kyle Hannah, who is the pillar of the

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Arbovale United Methodist Church Celebrates 100 Years



History of the Arbovale United Methodist Church would not be complete without including highlights of earlier pioneer churches in the area. On what is now the Arbovale Cemetery, a church was built in 1804, the first church erected in the eastern part of Pocahontas County. The church was named The Deer Creek Union Church because its membership was of mixed denomination - Methodist and Presbyterian. Other ancestors worshiped in a small Methodist Church located on Top of Allegheny Mountain. This church was called Mt. Hobert Methodist Church and was dedicated in 1850. From these former churches, the Northern Methodist Church, now known as the Arbovale United Methodist Church was organized on January 23, 1895, building began August 7, 1895, and dedicated in 1899.

Land, building materials, labor and other finances were donated by members of the community. The local carpenter was paid \$1.25 per day, others were paid \$1.15 and 25 per day. Kerosene lamps were first used, followed by gasoline work motors, a DeLco electric system in the late 1920s and finally electric power in 1937.

In the year 1903, a Methodist and United Brethren Union Church was erected on Top of Allegheny Mountain, about two-fourth mile west of Mt. Hobert. This was abandoned and torn down in 1940 after the dedication of the new church building. The building was the

building materials and fixtures. The Arbovale Church used its portion to help build Sunday School rooms onto the original building. Wood stoves were used until 1948 when a coal furnace was installed which was converted to fuel oil in 1959. In 1986 a pavilion was added to the church grounds.

Over the years many improvements have been made that add to the comfort and beauty of the church building, including a vestibule on the front, an outside lighted bulletin board and beautiful stained glass windows. In 1992 a major construction was completed on the north end of the church which contains a kitchen, a large dining room which can also be used for classrooms and an upper level which is used for Sunday School classrooms. A more detailed history can be found in a 48 page

centennial booklet consisting of church history and human interest stories available from members of the congregation.

Rev. David Fuller and the congregation invite the public to join the program of anniversary events to celebrate this occasion which will begin on Wednesday, August 16, with an all day prayer vigil to ask God's blessing on the Body of Christ and its vision into the future. Thursday, August 17, at 7 p.m. there will be a gathering at the church to sing songs from the past and hear a message from Circuit Riding Preacher Rev. Eddie Kyle, who is a former minister and is presently serving the Mingo Charge in Randolph County. On Friday, August 18, at 7 p.m. the children of the church will present a skit and musical program. Birthday refreshments will follow in the Fellowship Hall.

Saturday, August 19, the program will be centered at the pavilion where at 5 p.m. there will be an old-fashioned box supper, ice cream social and hot dogs with the trimmings. Entertainment of Blue Grass, Country and Gospel music will be presented by the Buffalo Chips. On Sunday, August 20, Sunday School will begin at 10 a.m. followed by a special worship service at 11. A covered dish lunch will begin at 12:30 after which there will be time for fellowship and special music by the Valley Gospel Echoes from Randolph County. At 3 in the afternoon a time capsule will be buried on the church ground scheduled to be reopened in the year 2045.

Inquiries may be directed to Fred Crews at 456-4798 or Betty Lambert at 456-4295.

5-14-70

Reprint

The Poc. Times 12-19-91

Pocahontas' New House of Justice, and Her Magnificent Mansion for the Criminal.

A DESCRIPTIVE PEN PICTURE.



From The Pocahontas Times

From The Pocahontas Times, April 5, 1895

The New Courthouse and Jail

The wonderful development and growth in values of Pocahontas County in the half decade just passed may be readily illustrated by relative comparison, and the rapid strides of improvement are shown by examination of her new court-house and jail recently completed.

Briefly, the court-house is a well-designed piece of architecture of the most modern design. The building proper is sixty-six feet by seventy-two feet. Consisting of three floors. The basement consists of six rooms and two large halls. In this basement are four large heaters or furnaces, which heat the entire building throughout, and will say just here they have been well tested.

The basement has four furnace rooms, one sanitary room, one storage room, one fresh air room, and one foul air room. This basement story is built of stone, and finished with hard finish on all walls. The floors are all grouted and finished with a smooth Portland cement. One exit from this basement is up a flight of stairs made of native Pocahontas oak. Here we land in the side or cross hall of the first story floor. We find this hall to be fourteen feet wide and thirty two feet long, with a fourteen foot wall to ceiling. We then enter the main hall, which is ten by seventy-two feet. From this main hall we gain entrance to all the county offices. First the County

The next room is that of the Chancery Clerk, which is a facsimile of the County Clerk's office, with a vault of the same construction. Then we enter the tower room. This room will be occupied by the County Surveyor.

All the doors on this floor are, as are all the doors throughout the building, two inches thick, three feet three inches wide, and eight feet six inches high, with a transom over each door thirty-nine by forty-six inches. The entire building is wainscotted with oak four feet high with eleven inch molded base, finished with a double braded cup of tasty design. All the hardware in this building is of the best patents and patterns of solid bronze.

The main stairway leading from this floor lands on the ell-shaped hall on the court-room floor. From this hall we enter the main court room, fifty by fifty, with ceiling eighteen feet high. This room is well lighted with nine large windows, and has four exits. This room is heated from the furnaces in the basement story. The doors and windows throughout this building are furnished with six-inch reeded arcestraus with plinth block and turned common rosettes of a neat design. The bar is separated from the main court hall by a substantial railing, with turned balusters, with a free swinging gate. In the bar enclosure there is an elevated platform for the jury, surrounded

say just here they have been well tested.

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From this hall we again enter a room. This room will be occupied by the County Court. We find this room well lighted with fine ventilation. The exit from this room is through a pair of double doors leading into the main hall. We then pass into the two elegant rooms of the Prosecuting Attorney, which are lighted by the large windows four by eight feet. In this room there is an artistic ebonyed mantel of the Queen Elizabeth design. The windows are hung with Gardner's Sash Ribbon, as are all the windows throughout the building.

Now we pass into the office of the Sheriff, which is a beauty with its oak and oil finish of glass.

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On leaving the main court-room we enter the hall, from this we enter two elegant rooms which are the two Petit Jury rooms; the third room is the Grand Jury room; the fourth the Judge's room; fifth, witness room; sixth, lawyers consulting room.

The roof of this structure is self-supporting with three Howe Trusses and one Queen Truss. This roof is first sheated with dressed dry pine, then covered with tarred sun-proof paper, and then slated with the best slate that can be secured.

The main tower is eighteen by eighteen and one hundred and four feet high. On the right of this tower can be seen a cluster of minor towers which present a nice construction. On the rear, right, and left sides are two tasty dormer windows. Also the lofty gables, which add greatly to the roof's appearance.

The cut above presents the building from its narrowest dimensions. The jail lies directly behind the court-house, which is to be regretted, as it is too tasteful a building to be hid. The cut is a good representation of the front of the building, but does not allow one to judge very well of its size.

JOHN LEDERER

The First Expedition from the head of Pemaeoncock, alias York River (due West) to the top of the Apalataean Mountains

Upon the ninth of March, 1689, (with three Indians whose names were Magtakanh, Hopottoguoh and Naunnugh) I went cut at the falls of Pemaeoncock, alias York-River in Virginia, from an Indian village called Shickehamany, and lay that night in the woods, encountering nothing remarkable, but a rattle-snake of an extraordinary length and thickness, for I judged it two yards and a half or better from head to tail, and as big about as a mans arm: by the distention of her belly, we believed her full with young; but having killed and opened her, found there a small squirrel whole; which caused in me a double wonder: first, how a reptile should catch so nimble a creature as a squirrel; and having caught it how he could swallow it entire. The Indians in resolving my doubts, plunged me into greater astonishment, when they told me that it was usual in these serpents, when they lie bask in the sun, to fetch down these squirrels from the top of the trees, by fixing their eyes upon them; the horror of which strikes such an affrightment into the little beast, that he has no power to hinder himself from tumbling down into the jaws of his enemy, who takes in all his sustenance without chewing, his teeth serving him only to offend withal. But I rather believe what I have heard from others, that these serpents climb the trees, and surprise their prey in the nest.

The next day falling into marshy grounds between the Pemaeoncock and the head of the River Malape-
tough, the headwaters of the way obliged us to cross Pemaeoncock, where its North and South branches

The thirteenth, I reached the first spring of Pemaeoncock, having crossed the river four times that day, by reason of its many windings. The water was so shallow, that it wet my horses pasteries. Here a little under the surface of the earth, I found flat pieces of petrified matter, on one side solid stone, but on the other side isingias, which I easily peeled off in flakes about four inches square: several of these pieces, with a transparent stone like crystal that cut glass, and a white marcasite that I purchased of the Indians, I presented to Sir William Berkley, Governour of Virginia.

The fourteenth of March, from the top of an eminent hill, I first descried that Apalataean mountains, bearing due west to the place I stood upon: their distance from me was so great, that I could hardly discern whether they were mountains or clouds, until my Indian fellow travellers prostrating themselves in adoration, howled out after a barbarous manner, Ohee paeze i. e. God is nigh.

The fifteenth of March, not far from this hill, passing over the South branch of the Rappahanock river, I was almost swallowed in a quicksand. Great herds of red and fallow deer I daily saw feeding; and on the hill-sides, bears crashing mast like swine. Small leopards I have seen in the woods, but never any lions, though their skins are much worn by the Indians. The wolves in these parts are so ravenous, that I often in the night feared my horse would be devoured by them, they would gather up and howl so close around him, though tether'd to the same tree at whose foot I myself and the Indians lay; but the fires which we made, I suppose, scared them from worrying us all. Beaver and otter I met with at every river that I passed; and the woods were full of grey foxes.

Thus I travelled all the sixteenth; and on the seventeenth of March I reached the Apalataean. The air here is very thick and chill; and the waters issuing from the mountain sides

in the sun, to fetch down these squirrels from the top of the trees, by fixing their eyes upon them: the horror of which strikes such an affrightment into the little beast, that he has no power to hinder himself from tumbling down into the jaws of his enemy, who takes in all his sustenance without chewing, his teeth serving him only to offend withal. But I rather believe what I have heard from others, that these serpents climb the trees, and surprise their prey in the nest.

The next day falling into marish grounds between the Pemauncesck and the head of the River Matapeneugh, the heaviness of the way obliged me to cross Pemaunccock, where its North and South branch (called Ackmick) joyn in one. In the peninsula made by these two branches a great Indian king called Tottopotona was heretofore slain in battle, fighting for the Christians against the Mahocks and Nahyssans, from whence it retains his name to this day. Traveling thorow the woods, a doe seized by a wild cat crossed our way: the miserable creature being even spent and breathless with the burden and cruelty of her rider, who having fastened on her shoulder, left not sucking out her blood until she sunk down under him: which one of the Indians perceiving, let fly a lucky arrow, which piercing him through the belly, made him quit his prey already slain, and turn with a terrible grimace at us: but his strength and spirits failing him, we escaped his revenge, which had certainly ensued, were not his wound mortal. This creature is something bigger than our English fox, of a reddish gray colour, and in figure every way agreeing with an ordinary cat: fierce, ravenous and cunning: for finding the deer (upon which they delight most to prey) to scold for them, they watch open branches of trees, and as they see or feel under, jump down upon them. The fur of the wild cat, though not very long, is yet esteemed as a virtue in taking away aches and pains, being worn next to the body, thus made through raw as a cure is taken by the Indians.

The seventh and eighth, I found the way very narrow and rugged, with many

Small leopards I have seen in the woods, but never any lion, though their skins are much worn by the Indians. The wolves in these parts are so ravenous, that I often in the night feared my horse would be devoured by them, they would gather up and howl so close around him, though I stir'd to the same tree as lay: but the fires which we made, I suppose, scared them from worrying us all. Beaver and otter I met with at every river that I passed: and the woods were full of grey foxes.

Thus I travelled all the sixteenth: and on the seventeenth of March I reached the Apalatazi. The air here is very thick and chill: and the waters issuing from the mountain sides of a blue colour, and allumish taste.

The eighteenth of March, after I had in vain assayed to ride up, I alighted, and left my horse with one of the Indians, whilst with the other two I climbed up the rocks, which were so incumbered with bushes and brambles, that the ascent proved very difficult: besides the first precipice was so steep, that if I leapt down I was immediately taken with a swimming in my head: though afterwards it was more easie. The height of this mountain was very extraordinary: for notwithstanding I set out with the first appearance of light, it was late in the evening before I gained the top, from whence the next morning I had a beautiful prospect of the Atlantick Ocean, viewing the Virginia shore: but to the north and west, my sight was suddenly bounded by mountains higher than that I

stood upon. Here did I wander in snow, for the most part, till the four and twentieth day of March, hoping to find some passage through the mountains, but the coldness of the air and earth together, seizing my hands and feet with numbness, put me to a ne plus ultra: and therefore having found my Indian at the foot of the mountain with my horse I returned back by the same way that I went.

THE POCAHONTAS TIMES

Entered at the Postoffice at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY, JULY 9, 1931

For President
OWEN D. YOUNG
of New York

Muster roll of the "Pocahontas Rescuers" mustered into service 18th May, 1861.

Captain, Stofer, D. A. 1 pr gloves, 25, B

Lieutenant, C. J. I., Skeen, B

O. Sargeant, Slarker, D. W. C

Musicians, Roby, Walter R B

Ervine, Wm. H.

Privates, Akers, James

Alderman, Andrew C

Angus, Timoleen

Boon, Beverly B

Burr, George

Burr, Frederick

Carpenter, Wm. H. B

Corbett, Muscoe

Cole, Wm.

Cash, George, 1 shirt \$1.25 B

Friel, Montgomery R.

Grimes, Peter

Gannon, Cyrus S.

Granfield, John B

Griffin, Mathias P.

Helms, Amos

Herold, Charles B.

some old papers, of General Will gave the roster of "Rescues", an organized when war the states, back herewith. Also bylaws.

The company v Saturday, May 18 on that day to defend Virginia from forces in the north.

They met the i Barbour county, repelling them.

General Skeen of the company. the purchasing court, as he paid army and took order date of June ed an itemized a ses incurred on m as "Rescues," and It was allowed a count. He notes due him, and I paid him.

The big item of for shoes—ninety May 23, at Ph Thompson. The bacon, tallow, flour, gloves, hats, coats, socks, shirts, blouses.

On May 20, a store he bought Captain Stofer a combs for privates \$4. 2 ftan

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Grimes, Peter

Gammon, Cyrus S.

Granfield, John n

Griffin, Mathias P.

Helmick, Amos

Herold, Charles B.

Herold, Benjamin F.

Hogsett, William R. n

Hanes, Isaac B.

Hannah, Robert A. n

Hannah, Joseph n

Henson, William

Hamilton, Adam G.

Johnson, Joseph I

Jordan, Joseph D, n

Lyons, Enos

Moriarty, Patrick, pr shoes, n

McLaughlin, James H, n

McLaughlin, Hugh

Moore, Michael, n

Moore, Levi

Mitchell, Sylvester n

Piles, Wm. L.

Piles, John

Pence, John H

Swadley, James

Smith, Lewis n

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McLaughlin, James H, B
 McLaughlin, Hugh
 Moore, Michael, B
 Moore, Levi
 Mitchell, Sylvester B
 Piles, Wm. L
 Piles, John
 Pence, John H
 Swadley, James
 Smith, Lewis B
 Sivey, Cain H, 1 shirt, \$1.25
 Slavens, Wm. W
 Seebert, Lanty L
 Shannon, James B
 Sharp, Martin B
 Varner, Daniel A B
 Whollihan, Michael
 Whollihan, Patrick
 Waugh, Levi
 Weaver, Charles W 1 pr gloves 25 B
 Weaver, Robert L, B

B signifies that they have received blankets.

The Pocahontas Rescuers marched from Huntersville about 10 a. m. May 18, 1861. A large crowd of ladies and gentlemen were present and at the moment of marching hardly an eye that was not wet with tears. Many gentleman and ladies accompanied us to the Bridge. Then the Rev. Mr. Flaherty addressed the crowd and all meekly bowed the knee in the public road while he fervently addressed a prayer in behalf of those marching and of the parents and friends left behind. Halted at night in front of Wm. Gibson and the company were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, John and John B. Hannah and I. M. Hogsett.

Sunday 19th—After the company attended church at I. M. Hogsett's

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Sunday 19th—After the company attended church at I. M. Hogsett's and heard a patriotic sermon from Rev. Flaherty, marched to J. Varner's. Just as the company arrived, the Cavalry under Capt. McNeel came in sight. They were received with all honor. The company then heard a sermon from Rev. J. E. Moore and were dismissed and entertained by Jno Varner, Josiah Herold, Col. Gatewood at Big Spring, John Bath-Cavalry and Co. Then across the Mt. to Marshall's. Rain during the evening and all night.

Monday 20th—March resumed at 6 1-2 a. m. Halted an hour at J. W. Marshall's and marched to Jacob Conrad's. 15 staying over night at John Conrad's, a few going with John McLaughlin, 5 to Snyders and the rest quartered upon Jacob Conrad. Rained at intervals all day.

Constitution of the Company

Article 1—This company shall

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Constitution of the Company

Article 1—This company shall be known by the name of Pocahontas Rescues.

Article 2—The regular musters of the said company shall be held on the first Saturday in the month of April, May, June, August, September and October and the July muster shall be held on the 4th day of the month, save when the 4th happens to fall on Sunday, when it shall be held on the 5th.

Article 3—All fines assessed against commissioned officers for failure to attend muster shall be \$5.00, non-commissioned officers \$2.50. Privates \$1.25.

Article 4—All fines assessed shall be for the benefit of the company, to be disbursed whenever the amount of 20¢ or more shall be found in the hands of the treasurer unappropriated, by a vote of the Company. The majority ruling, if it is considered

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Article 5—This Constitution may be altered or amended at any time by vote of two thirds concurring at a regular meeting, when a majority is present.

Article 6—There shall be a president, secretary and treasurer chosen by the company who shall hold their office for one year, whose duties shall be those usually performed by such officers.

Article 7—A majority of the Company may at any regular meeting elect honorary members, who shall become honorary members of this Company thereupon, by paying to the Treasurer, the sum of three dollars each.

By-Laws

1. The board for the trial of offences and non-attendance of members at musters and all other delinquencies shall be tried by a Court Martial, a majority of which shall rule.

2. The Court Martial shall consist of the commissioned and non-commissioned officers of the Company.

Looking around in the court house for something to print, I came upon

at Huntersville for many years was elected Attorney General State of Virginia.

I certainly do wish that Skeene had written up the "Campaign" day by day. Instead of quitting off on the record the of the third day.

You have got to hand it General that he was a considerable manager to march an army of six men some ninety miles, and on a campaign of several weeks cost to Pocahontas county \$68.68.

After the war Confederate were deprived of the rights of ship by their inability to take oath. Before a man could hold office, practice law, etc., swear that he had not aided the Confederacy. This please Captain Stofer a bit.

AS TIMES

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lass matter.

EDITOR

9 1931

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Pocahontas
ervice 18th

pr gloves,

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D

some old papers, in the hand writing of General William Skeen, which gave the roster of "The Pocahontas Rescues", an infantry company organized when war threatened between the states, back in 1860. I print it herewith. Also the constitution and bylaws.

The company was mustered in on Saturday, May 18, 1861, and marched on that day to defend the sacred soil of Virginia from invasion by Federal forces in the northwest.

They met the invaders at Phillippi Barbour county, and had no luck in repelling them.

General Skeen was the lieutenant of the company. He appeared to be the purchasing agent of the county court, as he paid the bills for the army and took receipts therefor. Under date of June 25, 1861, he rendered an itemized account under expenses incurred on march of "Pocahontas Rescues," amounting to \$68.68. It was allowed and \$25 paid on account. He notes a balance of \$43.68 due him, and I doubt if it was ever paid him.

The big item of expense was \$37.42 for shoes—nineteen pairs bought on May 23, at Phillippi, from J. P. Thompson. The other items include bacon, tallow, flour, meal, horse feed, gloves, hats, cotton cloth, calico, socks, shirts, blankets and whatnot.

On May 20, at J. W. Marshall's store he bought a pair of gloves for Captain Stofer at 25 cents and six

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On May 20, at J. W. Marshall's store he bought a pair of gloves for Captain Stofer at 25 cents and six combs for privates for \$1.00. Also 2 cravats \$1, 2 flannel shirts \$2, and 2 more pairs of gloves 50c.

On May 22, at Beverly from A & B Crawford, two hats for \$3.25. From J. Burkett, also at Beverly, pair of shoes at \$2 and 2 pairs of socks 30c. On the same date from E. B. Bucher 12 1-2 pounds of tallow for \$1 25 and 52 1-2 pounds of bacon at 14c \$8 35.

On May 24, Elder Douglas was paid \$4 33 for supper, lodging and breakfast for 13 persons.

On May 25, \$2 50 is paid Jno. B. Curin for Gilham tactics.

On May 17, Captain Stofer certifies that an account of Wm. H. Slanker for 9 yards of calico, 1 1-2 yards of bleach cotton, 8 3-4 yards of cotton drilling and one made shirt, in all \$4.37 1-2 is correct and necessary for the use of said company.

Mr. Skeen started off fine to keep a daily report on the progress of the Pocahontas Rescues, but I guess he got too busy, for after three days, he quits in the middle of a page.

In speaking of this march, the old soldiers referred to it as the "Tin Cup Campaign."

United States District Court. I know that Mr. fully defended the moderate soldiers who were murdered after the war.

My friend, the late Laughlin, always talking his experience this "Tin Cup Campaign" where along the road came to a farm where a mowing machine propped up, in a shed had ever seen a moving passed down the road cannon. One boy took it, and remarked at the ramrod!

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1 pr gloves 25 c

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In speaking of this march, the old soldiers referred to it as the "Tin Cup Campaign". A cup was all the equipment furnished them. They provided their own arms.

The cavalry referred to was Captain Andrew McNeel's company. On their return from Philippi, this company was disbanded and the men joined the 11th Virginia—Bath Squadron—and Captain Wm. L. McNeels and Captain J. W. Marshall's companies, 19th Virginia Cavalry.

On the return of the Pocahontas Rescues the company was disbanded and the men with a number of additions made up company I, 25th Virginia Infantry. J. H. McLaughlin was elected first lieutenant.

This company was engaged in the following battles: Philippi, McDowell, Winchester, Cross Keys, Port Republic, Seven Days, Fight around Richmond, Slaughter Mountain, Second Manassas, Brestow Station, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Second Winchester, Gettysburg, Mine Run, and the Wilderness. At the Wilderness the 25th was captured; the Pocahontas Rescues and replacements had been reduced to seventeen men; of this seventeen, eleven lived through the war, six dying in prison.

The last member of Company I, to pass over that I know of was Captain J. W. Mathews of Anthonys Creek who died about two years ago.

Captain Stofer came from the Valley of Virginia. He was a lawyer, and he served as commonwealth's attorney for Pocahontas a number of terms. He had been a soldier in the Mexican war, and fought in a num-

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in the war between the states until
the battle of Cross Keys when he fell
with five bullet holes in him. Every
one of these wounds was considered
mortal, but he recovered and surviv-
ed the war some twenty years. As a
child, I remember him as a friendly,
courtly gentleman, known in his wide
circle of friends as the "Count."

General William Skeene served as
clerk of both the county and circuit
courts. He was succeeded just be-
fore the war by the late William
Curry. He was a resident attorney
at Huntersville for many years. He
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E. N. Barber
\$1.25

first opportunity he presented him-
self at the bar as a practicing attor-
ney, took the oath and resumed his
law work where he left off after four
years service in the army of the Con-
federate States of America. The
grand jury indicted him for perjury,
and he appealed to the Supreme
Court, where the case dragged along
for years. I presume that the case
against the Captain just naturally
went by the board when the new
state went democratic in 1870, a new
constitution adopted and the rights
of the southern sympathizers restored.
I will look that case up some day
when I have the time. I have the
impression that Count Stofer was de-
fended by Arthur Dayton, a native
of New England, father of the late
Judge A. G. Dayton, of Phillippi,
United States District Judge. I do
know that Mr. Dayton success-
fully defended the numerous Confed-
erate soldiers who were indicted for
murder after the war, in this county.

My friend, the late Hugh P. Mc-
Laughlin, always took delight in re-
lating his experiences as a boy on
this "Tin Cup Campaign." Some-
where along the road to Phillippi they
came to a farm where there was a
mowing machine with its tongue
propped up, in a shed. Few of them
had ever seen a mower, and word was
passed down the ranks that it was a
cannon. One boy took a good look at
it, and remarked on the length of
the ramrod!



Arden Friel in his gun workshop at Clover Lick.

Gunsmith on the Greenbrier

Arden Friel, 54, has been making guns for 39 years but still doesn't consider himself professional.

BY WILLIAM C. BLIZZARD

Before the Civil War was over, the muzzle-loading rifle was laid away in history's attic, replaced by breech-loaders like the Sharps carbine and its successors.

Yet today in West Virginia you may order a new flintlock or percussion-cap muzzle-loader from one of at least four Mountaineer gun shops which are well known for manufacturing the antique weapons. Such shops are located in Elkins, Webster Springs, Buckhannon, and Clover Lick.

Clover Lick, in case you didn't know, is in Pocahontas County, near Stony Bottom. It is 15 miles from Marlinton, and nine miles from Cass, accessible by blacktop road which might be mistaken, in poor light by a poor engineer who was also a poor woodsman, for a fat blacksnake.

Arden Friel is the Clover Lick gunsmith. His home perches beside the Greenbrier River, and his shop, which houses a fantastic conglomeration of machinery, gun parts, shavings, sawdust, tools, and dirt, leans against a nearby hill.

Friel, who is now 54, says he has been making guns since he was 15. But he doesn't consider himself a professional.

"I was a machinist," he said, "for a while in Cleveland, but most all my life I was a coal miner in West Virginia. I worked in several places, and was always a hand loader. One of the reasons I quit the mines was the new machines that come in. No more hand loading now, and that's what I liked to do."

Arden Friel does not appear to be the sort of man who could be hurried or excited, even by the possibility of sudden fortune. His living room is filled largely by a wood-burning stove and dozens of guns in need of repair. For Friel does a big repair business in addition to manufacturing hand-made weapons. Other rifles, pistols, and shotguns in good working order festoon the walls.

"Only have one gun for sale now," he said, "and it's a modern gun, a varmint rifle." He handed me a beautiful weapon, a hand-crafted .22-250 rifle with a Douglas (G. R. Douglas of Charleston) barrel, Mauser action, and an unusual stock made from a blank supplied by a commercial dealer.

"That stock," said Friel, "is laminated walnut and maple. There's a base for a scope mount on this gun."

Telescopic sights are mounted on such high-velocity rifles for the simple reason that they reach out hundreds of yards to targets barely visible to the naked eye. The slug is no bigger in diameter than that in the old .22 at the carnival shooting gallery, but the powder charge in the .22-250 could blow the carnival rifle to pieces, if it were possible to get the bigger shell in the chamber.

Friel's biggest order right now is from Kyle Neighbors of Cass. Neighbors has a museum at Cass, but is working on a more ambitious project for which he wants Friel to make him 10 muzzle-loading rifles. Friel says he may do it and he may not.

Neighbors' idea for his new enterprise at Cass is an interesting one which should be profitable. At the point on Bald Knob where the Cass Scenic Railroad stops he plans to set up a "wagon train" of Conestogas, plus

a rifle range. Friel and other antique gunsmiths are invited to shoot on the free. Perhaps one day the woods toward the town will be a place of commerce and industry.

Neighbors is a good friend and has a high opinion of his neighbors. He has a collection of them made by Friel.

Friel says that if he could, with all machinery in hand, turn out a rifle in a day.

"I can make my own rifles," he says, "but it's cheaper for me to have them from Douglas at Cass."

In actual practice, Friel completed a rifle every two weeks, the gunsmith cut the rifle, the gunsmith cut the hard maple. We call it because of the wood pattern.

"Generally, it takes about a week to make a piece of wood, then I'll put it in a building to dry some more."

When the wood is sufficiently dry, Friel cuts it to rough shape, block blank in a kind of himself. This piece of material is the forearm part, except the barrel, which is or round.

"That soft maple," said Friel, "is a beautiful wood, but I don't generally use just plain wood."

Most of Friel's muzzle-loading type, although some flintlocks, an earlier worked on the same general modern cigarette lighter, from flint and steel ignited gas.

Muzzle-loading rifles can be a disadvantage was that they to reload in case the first shot didn't kill the animal.

To cope with this slow and shooters took all positions that the first shot didn't kill the animal was the set trigger feature was the set trigger.

loaders had two triggers, a to set the other, which could fire at the slightest touch.

If you want to buy a muzzle-loading rifle, you might remember Kyle Neighbors of Cass. But give him a call before you inquire as to his.

Like the muzzle-loaders has a reputation for being mighty, mighty are Friel's rifles. He's making rifles. He'll get the lead out.



WAGONS, JUNE 12, 1966

BUCHANAN
HEARING AID CENTER
PHONE 343-7131

Come In or Phone!

NAME, ROOM, 11
Moby Day, 5

Before the Civil War was over, the muzzle-loading rifle was laid away in history's attic, replaced by breech-loaders like the Sharps carbine and its successors.

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Over Lick, in case you didn't know, is Hancock County, near Stony Bottom, is about 10 miles from Marlinton, and nine miles from Cass, accessible by blacktop road. It might be mistaken, in poor light by a engineer who was also a poor woodsman for a fat blacksnake.

John Friel is the Clover Lick gunsmith. He sits on a perch beside the Greenbrier River and his shop, which houses a fantastic collection of machinery, gun parts, sawdust, tools, and dirt, leans against a nearby hill.

Friel, who is now 54, says he has been making guns since he was 15. But he doesn't consider himself a professional.

"I was a machinist," he said, "for a while in Cleveland, but most all my life I was a miner in West Virginia. I worked in all places, and was always a hand loader. One of the reasons I quit the mines was the new machines that come in. No more loading now, and that's what I liked to do."

John Friel does not appear to be the sort of man who could be hurried or excited, even the possibility of sudden fortune. His living room is filled largely by a wood-burning stove and dozens of guns in need of repair. Friel does a big repair business in addition to manufacturing hand-made weapons. Rifles, pistols, and shotguns in good order festoon the walls.

"I only have one gun for sale now," he said, "it's a modern gun, a varmint rifle." He handed me a beautiful weapon, a hand-made .22-250 rifle with a Douglas (G. R. Douglas of Charleston) barrel, Mauser action, an unusual stock made from a blank barrel by a commercial dealer.

"This stock," said Friel, "is laminated walnut and maple. There's a base for a scope on this gun."

Scope sights are mounted on such muzzle-loading rifles for the simple reason that they reach out hundreds of yards to targets which are visible to the naked eye. The slug is larger in diameter than that in the old muzzle-loading rifle, but the slug in the .22-250 could blow the target to pieces. If it were possible to load a rifle to pieces, it would be possible to load the target shell in the chamber.

The biggest order right now is from the neighbors of Cass. Neighbors has a muzzle-loading rifle, but is working on a more accurate project for which he wants Friel to make a muzzle-loading rifle. Friel says he will do it and he may not.

Neighbors also has his new enterprise at Cass, but is working on a more accurate project for which he wants Friel to make a muzzle-loading rifle. Friel says he will do it and he may not.

a rifle range supplied with muzzle-loaders and other antique guns.

Scenic Railroad customers will, of course, be invited to shoot the muzzle-loaders for a fee. Perhaps one day muzzle-loading may be persuaded to come around out of the domain of commercial society.

Screaming "Indians" are not present in the plans of Kyle Neighbors. He won't get his "wagon train" until the season after this one. Perhaps it is a matter of time before the people of Cheat Mountain are not so silent.

Neighbors is a good friend of John Friel's, and has a high opinion of his workmanship. Neighbors himself is something of a gun fan, with a huge collection of muzzle-loaders, many of them made by Friel.

Friel says that if he were a work steadily he could, with all materials and a barrel at hand, turn out a muzzle-loader in five days.

"I can make my own barrel," he said, "but it's cheaper for me to let them. I get them from Douglas of Charleston."

In actual practice, Friel averages about one completed rifle every two months. For muzzle-loader stocks which extend the length of the rifle, the gunsmith can be very picky.

"This is the soft kind," he told me, "not the hard maple. We call it a fall-back, because of the wood pattern."

"Generally, it takes about two years to air dry the piece of wood for a stock, and then I'll put it in a building with a stove to dry some more."

When the wood is sufficiently seasoned, Friel cuts it to rough shape and puts the stock blank in a kind of lathe he has made himself. This piece of machinery routs the groove in the forearm part of the stock to accept the barrel, which may be hexagonal or round.

"That soft maple," said Friel "is getting awful scarce. I don't varnish my stocks, generally use just stain and oil finish."

Most of Friel's muzzle-loaders are of the percussion type, although he makes some flintlocks, an earlier variety which worked on the same general principle as a modern cigarette lighter, except that sparks from flint and steel ignited gunpowder, not a gas.

Muzzle-loading rifles can be accurate, as Civil War statistics show. Their very real disadvantage was that they were slow—slow to reload in case the first shot went wild.

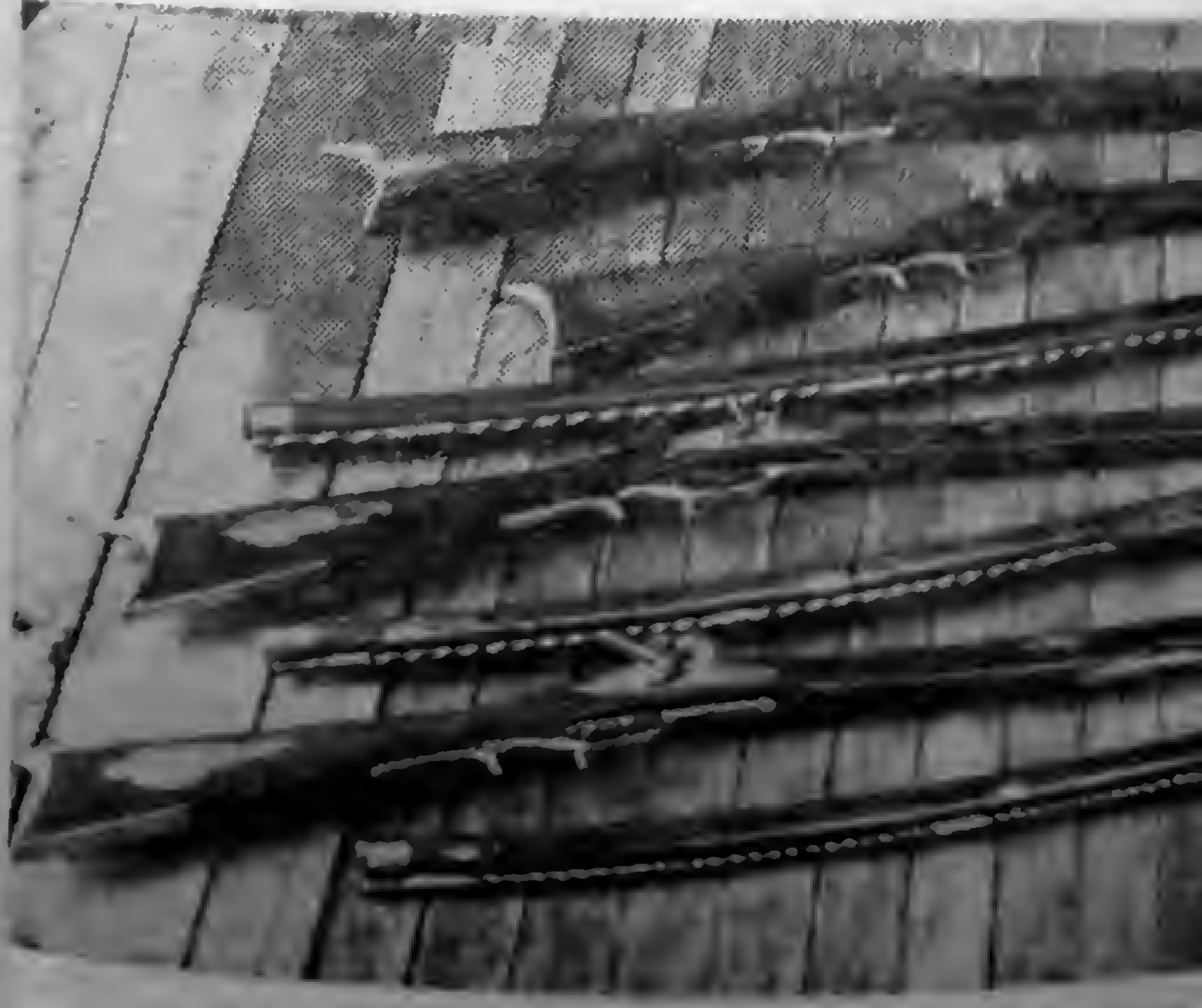
To cope with this slowness, rifle makers and shooters took all possible pains to see that the first shot didn't miss. One insurance feature was the set trigger. That is, muzzle-loaders had two triggers, and you pulled one to set the other, which could be adjusted to fire at the slightest touch.

If you want to buy a new muzzle-loader, or if you own an old one which could be repaired, you might remember John Friel of Clover Lick. But give him time. Before you inquire as to his price, at time before the muzzle-loaders are gone.

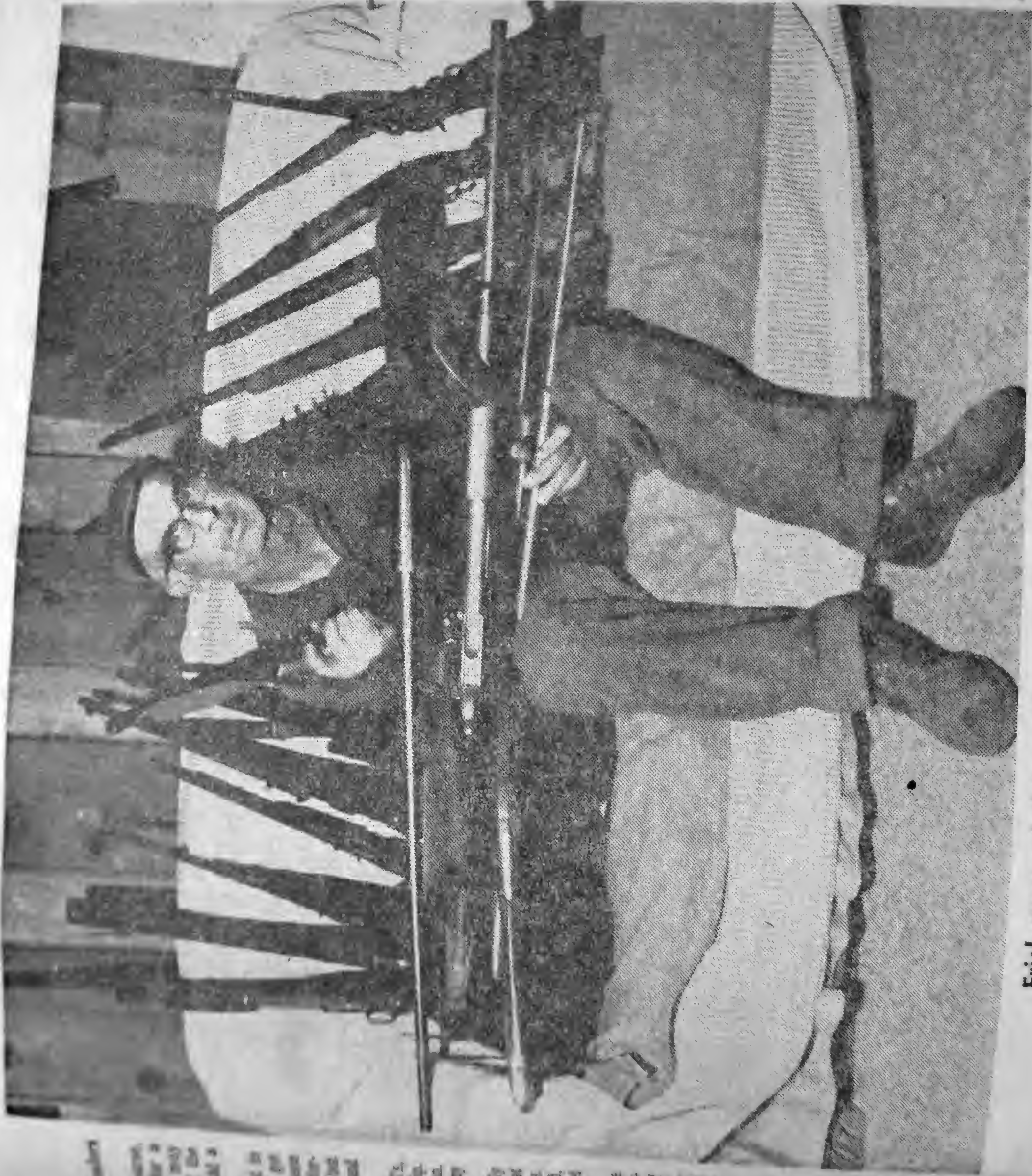
Like the muzzle-loaders, Friel has a reputation for being slow, but mighty, mighty sure. Friel's primary business is making rifles. He'll have a gun up to you to get the load out.



Friel surrounded by a few of



These seven Friel rifles are on



Friel surrounded by a few of the guns he has in shop for repair.

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Family

Adams
Family
Kyle

Jean (Taylor)
Family
t & Ruth

Edward Family

e B. Moore

thontas

and Nancy

: Mildred

Noods Family
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**JOAN OF ARC
KIDNEY BE**

**DEL MONTE
SWEET PEA**

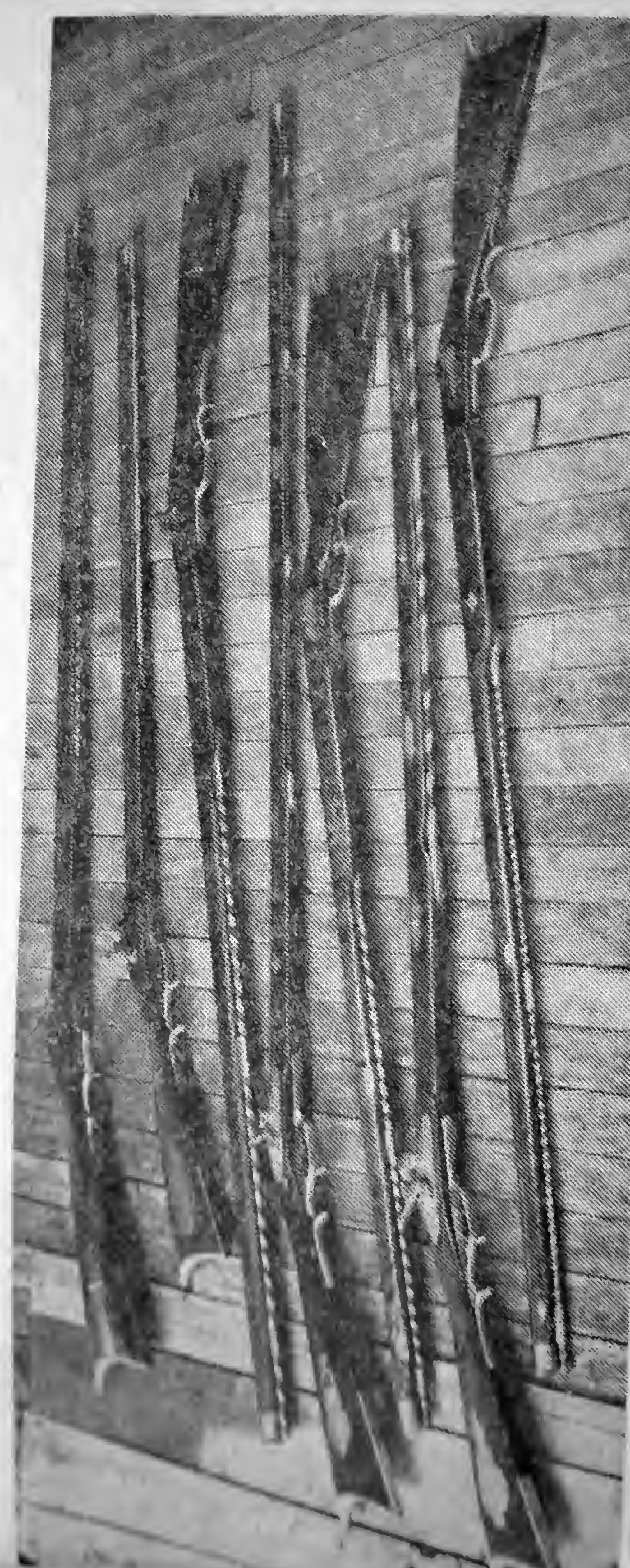
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COFFEE CRI**

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SUPER M



These seven Friel rifles are owned by Kyle Neighbor of Cass.



Friel surrounded by a few of the guns he has in shop for repair.









Flintlock converted to percussion cap type.

Plus to get the lead out
making rifles. Friel's it up
sure. Friel's it up
He'll lead out



**Hammers of double-barrel shotgun Friel made for his son.
SUNDAY GAZETTE-MAIL**

STATE MAGAZINE



Detail of brass work at end of stock on one of Friel's rifles.

MAGAZINE, JUNE 12, 1966



Famed photographer Gay captured this view of Allegheny Lodge with its elk in the foreground in 1921. Postcard courtesy Pocahontas County Historical Society.

Allegheny Lodge: Looking Back on a Lost Landmark in Pocahontas

By Leona G. Brown

Pocahontas County's pure air, spectacular mountain scenery, tranquil forests, clear streams, and friendly people make it a delightful vacation retreat. This is as true today as it was in 1911, when local game and fish warden J. A. Viquesney became interested in preserving these assets and providing a way for people from more populated areas to enjoy them.

In September of 1911, *The Pocahontas Times* reported that the game warden and his chief deputy, O. M. Lockridge, had purchased the D. B. McElwee farm near Driscol. Their intention was "to erect a handsome and commodious clubhouse on this land and make it a resort for both hunters and fishermen." This clubhouse was to become known as Allegheny Lodge, remaining a Pocahontas County landmark until well into the 1970s. Much of the history of this interesting structure was recorded in early issues of *The Pocahontas Times*, made available to me by editor William F. McNeel of Marlinton.

Many resorts in West Virginia, including Forest Springs and White Sulphur Springs, were developed around natural mineral springs. Game warden J. A. Viquesney and his chief deputy, O. M. Lockridge, began to organize a private club, the Allegheny Sportsmen's Association, to bring their lodge into reality. By 1913 the Association owned 5,000 acres in Pocahontas County, and had a 25-year lease on 20,000 additional acres, some of it in neighboring Bath and Highland counties, Virginia.

While Dr. J. B. Lockridge was developing his public resort, J. A. Viquesney and H. M. Lockridge began to organize a private club, the Allegheny Sportsmen's Association, to bring their lodge into reality. By 1913 the Association owned 5,000 acres in Pocahontas County, and had a 25-year lease on 20,000 additional acres, some of it in neighboring Bath and Highland counties, Virginia.

In 1913, *The Pocahontas Times* reported in a reprint from the *West*

Virginia News that an "imposing clubhouse" was nearing completion, at a cost of \$15,000. By this time the Allegheny Sportsmen's Association was a going concern, listing among its members many prominent citizens of Charleston, Governor Glasscock, former Governor MacCorkle, Congressman Avis, and others. Warden J. A. Viquesney was president of the organization, Deputy H. M. Lockridge vice-president, and W. B. Rector of Belington secretary and treasurer.

The Sportsmen's Association had first built a temporary log clubhouse on the construction site. On September 6, 1913, the Greenbrier Valley Press Association traveled in touring cars from Marlinton to this clubhouse for its annual meeting. A reporter from the *Greenbrier Independent* wrote of the land owned by the club as "making a large hunting preserve

on the western slope of the Alleghenies abounding in native game, to which has been added a herd of Elk from the Yellowstone Park." The visiting reporter added that the club also had "a dozen or more Chinese and English pheasants which will be released in due time. They are beautiful birds, the plumage of the males representing all the colors of the rainbow."

The famous elk herd, a local attraction until modern times, began with an experimental herd of 15 brought to the grounds by Warden Viquesney in March of 1912. By December the herd had increased to 19 and appeared to be thriving. On December 31, an assistant secretary of the interior sent a letter to Senator W. E. Chilton, authorizing the capture of elk from Yellowstone National Park and giving advice for their care during the trip by railroad car to Pocahontas County. Two additional carloads of elk were later brought from Montana. With the native deer, wild turkey, squirrels, rabbits, and the streams stocked with trout and bass from government hatcheries, the lands of the Allegheny Sportsmen's Association were becoming quite a game and fish preserve.

Meanwhile, under the direction of a local builder, Winston Herold, work continued on the elegant clubhouse on the knoll overlooking Dr. J. B. Lockridge's Minnehaha Springs resort. When finished, Allegheny Lodge was indeed an imposing structure, yet somehow homelike, its facade reminiscent of a southern plantation house. Twin stairways curved up to a columned veranda on the first floor, covered by a second-floor porch, which was covered in turn by a railed roof. Gabled dormers projected on each side of the building. Like a decoration on a wedding cake, a white-railed "widow's walk" topped the structure.

The lodge interior was a picture of turn-of-the-century elegance, country style. A wide door flanked by glass panels led from the front

veranda to a beautiful everywhere, from hardwood floor to ceiling. Two fireplaces added to the great room led upward from second-story windows offering of the level farm valley. The finished years in the Kelley was one 1927 or '28, but wall, gateposts entry to the lot remembers hau

enda to a spacious lobby. beautiful woodwork was everywhere, from the polished hardwood floor to the wainscoating and the columns supporting the ceiling. Two massive stone

fireplaces added to the cheerfulness of the great room. An oak staircase led upward from the lobby to the second-story bedrooms, their windows offering a splendid view of the level farms of Knapp's Creek Valley.

The finished lodge and grounds were years in the making. Glenn Kelley was one of the men who, in 1901 or '02, built the impressive hall, gateposts, and gate at the entry to the lodge grounds. He remembered hauling the fieldstone

from Possum Hollow and Douthat Creek in a borrowed Model-T Ford truck. The massive wooden gates, he told me, were hand-hewn from pine trees cut from the grounds.

Today, the big stone gateway is readily visible from Route 92, and the site is within easy driving distance from Marlinton, White Sulphur, or Warm Springs, Virginia, but in those days a trip to the vacation spot was quite an adventure. In 1913, a reporter for the *West Virginia News* wrote that Minnehaha might be "reached by wagon road in nine scenic miles from Marlinton—

Famed photographer Gay captured this view of Allegheny Lodge with its elk in the foreground

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Many resorts in West Virginia, including Pence Springs and White Sulphur Springs, were developed around natural mineral springs, in the belief that drinking and bathing in the water had many health benefits. Dr. J. B. Lockridge had already begun to develop just such a spring near the proposed lodge site, described in a *Charleston Gazette* article reprinted in the September 7, 1911, issue of the *Times* as "the Minnehaha Springs, which flows daily its 700,000 gallons of healing waters, clear as crystal, sparkling and bubbling with its myriad life-giving qualities." Dr. Lockridge built a hotel, pool, bathhouse, "riding stables and everything necessary to make pleasant the hours of the tired, the sick, the weary and the worn that may seek the spot," according to the report.

Dr. Lockridge's resort, now Camp Minnehaha, is still in use as a

summer camp for boys, and many of the old buildings still stand. This development was across the road (now Route 92) from the proposed clubhouse, and it quickly gave its name to the community. Though the first post office had been called Driscol, named in honor of timber operator John Driscol, this early name was forgotten as Minnehaha Springs gained renown as a resort.

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from Possum Hollow Creek in a borrowed wooden gate truck. The massive wooden gate he told me, were hand-hewn from pine trees cut from the grounds. Today, the big stone gateway is readily visible from Route 92, an easy drive distance from Marlinton, West Virginia, or Warm Springs Sulphur, but in those days a trip to the vacation spot was quite an adventure. In 1913, a reporter for the *West Virginia News* wrote that Minnehaha might be "reached by wagon road in nine scenic miles from Marlinton—

Rock Time 7/20/96
Former teach

by Alberta S

Upon attending the Buckeye School Reunion on Sunday, July 25, I was really impressed by the effort that had been put out by the committee for the planning work to organize and get the program and meal ready by 12 noon to open. There was much more work to get something like that ready that meets the eye.

I came to teach at Buckeye in the fall of 1954, (my first year of teaching), and was met by Walter Graham and Charleen Howard on the school steps as a welcoming committee with a big box of candy to use as rewards and incentives for learning. I spent six enjoyable years at this fine institution learning. I learned as much, if not more, than the



Book Time 7/20/96

Former teacher remembers Buckeye School

by Alberta Shields

Upon attending the Buckeye School Reunion on Sunday, May 25, I was really impressed by the effort that had been put out by the committee for the planning and work to organize and get the program and meal ready by the hour of 12 noon to open. There is much more work to getting something like that ready than meets the eye.

I came to teach at Buckeye in the fall of 1954, (my first year of teaching), and was met by Walter Graham and Charleen Howard on the school steps as a welcoming committee with a big box of candy to use as rewards and incentives to learning. I spent six enjoyable years at this fine institution of learning. I learned as much, if not more, than the students. I remember trying to pattern my teaching after Carrie Morrison, to whom I had gone for five years at Burnside School. She truly was a good Christian lady, teaching her pupils moral values, how to sew, how to cook, plus what we call academic subjects today.

I remember letting the children play in the creek during the late spring at school was out the last of May then. We played such games as dodge ball, antimony over, and remember's knee. My Dad, R. B. Shields, put up chairs that I brought at Walter's home at Hillsboro to make swings for the children. They were moved by all.

One way that the school building was maintained, instead of being replaced by the board, is a lot of money was saved by having the school on a hill. By having the school on a hill, it was saved by the board, as a lot of money was saved by having the school on a hill.

(famous pumpkin cake, shaped and decorated), Mrs. J. L. Howard, Leone Jackson and numerous others.

They also sponsored square dances, a famous one being the Virginia Reel, requested by Addie Graham. She was dressed as a "Southern Belle," and played her part well. She was a beautiful dancer and held everyone's attention during the dancing. She and Walter also employed many of the local students as waitresses at the Buckeye Restaurant, carpenter's helpers, and people to clean the drive-in theatre area on the mornings after the movies. The students benefitted greatly in life from their early work experiences.

Mintie Barnes bought the ABC's to go across the top of the chalkboard. Lura Brill sold us venetian shades at cost. Walter Mason sold us soft drinks at cost. Walter and Addie Graham bought us Christmas candy, school supplies from writing paper, pencils, etc., to toilet paper at wholesale cost. Parents and interested citizens walked many miles to sell various products such as shampoo, garden seeds, magazines and guess cakes to cover expenses. Victoria Pitt walked many miles and sold shampoo. A stray cat followed her around and she gave her to Jim Howard. He had Blackie for 13 years. Bill Harvett painted and Jim Howard moved and they put down linoleum and fixed outlets for appliances in the kitchen. We furnished and maintained a small kitchen for use when having dances and cake walks to help meet expenses.

John Moss supported the school and taught nature studies.

When I came here to teach, it was a one room school, instead of a two room school. The larger room was still equipped with a stove, so it was used for 4-H Club meetings, Farm Women's Club meetings, parties, and other community programs, plus elections.

The people named in this epistle are not all of the ones who helped to keep the school open for a few more years. Everyone in the community helped except the few who were opposed to keeping the school open and were anxious for consolidation.

I would like to see this become a yearly event, becoming a covered dish affair or some such meal, so it wouldn't be such a burden to the ones who put out such a great effort this time. It was very enjoyable to meet some of my former pupils and friends that I came to know by being the "teacher" and by working and learning at the Buckeye Drive-In Theatre. I always give Buckeye and the people there credit for helping me become the teacher that I am. I have a special love for all my pupils, wherever they may be.

Buckeye School closed in the spring of 1960 with only 6 pupils enrolled for the coming fall session.

From this little school many people have become professionals in life.

This is just a sampling of things I remember, or know about. Many good things happened and many good people went to this school before my time.

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Buckeye School

John Moss supported the school and taught nature studies.

When I came here to teach, it was a one room school, instead of a two room school. The larger room was still equipped with a stove, so it was used for 4-H Club meetings, Farm Women's Club meetings, parties, and other community programs, plus elections.

The people named in this epistle are not all of the ones who helped to keep the school open for a few more years. Everyone in the community helped except the few who were opposed to keeping the school open and were anxious for consolidation.

I would like to see this become a yearly event, becoming a covered dish affair or some such meal, so it wouldn't be such a burden to the ones who put out such a great effort this time. It was very enjoyable to meet some of my former pupils and friends that I came to know by being the "teacher" and by working and learning at the Buckeye Term in Thicket. I always give thanks to the people there credit for helping me become the teacher that I am. I have a special love for all my pupils, wherever they may be.

Buckeye School should be the place to start with only a pupil named for the coming fall session. From this little school many people have become professionals.

The Old Country Schoolhouse

There are a lot of memories of long, long ago
Of an old country schoolhouse where the creek did flow.
A place for God's little children to enjoy
A lot was learned by every girl and boy
Some children walked to school for several miles
Always full of love, joy and happy smiles
Across the river and through the woods
They came through gates as fast as they could
Jumping rope, hop scotch, hide and seek
God's little children were very meek.
Standing in line the flag we pledged
By the teacher we were all led.
Three old ladies walking that took all the children's eyes.
Walking to the store to get some supplies.
Long dresses and bonnets are what they wore.
As they walked down the hill and on to the store.
Across the fence a cow and a barn
Mountain splendor in the background
A well in the back with a pump for water
If we pumped too much it didn't seem to matter.
We sat on the bridge and ate our lunch
With feet hanging down, we were a happy bunch.
Maybe we would think of a game to try
As we watched the water go rolling by.
We liked to go walking every day
Across the bridge and up a pathway
That went to the outhouse on the hill
To each one of us it was a thrill.
The old country schoolhouse with a big iron bell
God's little children playing farmer in the dell.
We had to go in when we heard the bell ring
To study our lessons and maybe to sing.
This was a special kind of place
There are memories that time cannot erase.
We will put our trust in God each day
As we walk the last mile of the way.

by Flora Ashbridge Lovelace
In Memory of the
Buckeye Schoolhouse

50 Years Ago In The Pocahontas Times

May 17, 1945

OUR ARMY AND NAVY BOYS

1st. Lieutenant John E. Beale, Slaty Fork, a combat glider pilot, has just returned to his home base in the European Theatre of Operations after successfully participating in the Airborne assault over the Rhine River in Germany.

Beale piloted one of the first gliders to land on German soil during the "D-Day on the Rhine" operations. His motorless craft, towed by a C47, carried sky soldiers of the 17th Airborne Division and valuable equipment into the battle area.

Lt. Beale, who flew his glider through thick flak and small arms fire to land in the midst of violent fighting, wasted little time in getting into action. He helped the Airborne soldiers ferret out German snipers; cleared houses of sharp shooting civilians, and help form perimeter defenses and road blocks against expected enemy counter attacks. This was the first time that glider troops had landed in areas that had not previously been secured by friendly paratroopers.

"I flew in the Normandy and Holland invasions," Beale remarked on his return, "but they were pink tea parties compared to this show. Those Germans fight twice as hard on their own soil as they did in the occupied countries."

Beale's last glider mission before the Rhine crossing was the Airborne envelopment of the German forces in the Holland lowlands. For this flight and invasion of France via the Cherbourg peninsula, he wears the Air Medal and first Oak Leaf Cluster.

The Slaty Fork glider pilot didn't fly with his parent outfit in the recent operation, but was temporarily reassigned to another group that was exclusively committed to gliders. Beale's parent group delivered 17th Airborne paratroopers during this period.

The 434th Troop Carrier Group is commanded by Lt. Col. Ben A. Garland, of Waco, Texas. This unit is part of the vast U. S. Troop Carrier forces headed by Maj. Gen. Paul L. Williamson, which comprises the flying echelon of Lt. Gen. Breckenridge's First Allied

When everything could be so nice for everyone there is not anything but heartbreak and misery."

"The country is beautiful," he said in another recent letter. "Pine and evergreen forests, well-tilled farms and quaint little villages. They have plenty of space in Germany and lots of natural resources. Most of Germany reminds me of the country around the Pocahontas and Greenbrier borders. They plant the pine forests."

"I cannot understand why they want to fight," he continued, "but I can understand why they last so long. They browbeat the common people and have slaves from France, Poland, Italy, Russia and all of the countries they have overrun. When we started the drive the roads were full of the slaves that were here with the Heinies when they took off. Most of them want a gun and want to join us."

The slave laborers, he wrote, had been beaten and made to dig defenses "right in the front lines for \$3 a month. They worked 16 to 18 hours a day. It is more terrible than you can imagine."

He was amazed to find that German railroads had iron ties and that "the right of way is as well kept as our lawns. Of course all the work has been done by slaves. The tales of horror these slaves tell are almost unbelievable but they are true. All of them want to join our army. All they want is revenge."

A graduate of Hillsboro High School in Pocahontas County, Private First Class Livesay entered the Army last September and trained in Texas before going overseas.



ROYAL DRUG STORE
Marlinton, W. Va.

Mr. Roy Cain, of Huntersville, sends in this letter from his son, Arthur, with the Army in Germany.

glad to settle down for a change.

The chaplain drove up a little while ago and said we will have services in about an hour so I'd better be getting this letter finished before I go. We don't know how long we will be here, but this is one of those towns that would make a good rest center for us, but we are never lucky enough to stay in one spot long enough for that. At the rate we are moving we will be in Berlin before long and the sooner we get there the war may end and we'll all be heading for home.

We have been riding on trucks ever since we first started to move and last night they took the trucks away, so it looks like we will be doing a little walking till they bring us some more trucks. I sure hope we don't have to walk the rest of the way to Berlin, because that would be some walk; even though I'm in the infantry that is too far for me.

A couple of the boys are playing poker here and they kind of distract me from this letter but I'm doing my best to finish it before I run out of news or out of paper. Haven't much more to say except to say hello to Mom. Best regards from your son,

Arthur

March 31 Is Deadline To Possess Non Weight Receipted or Uncertified Ginseng

Ginseng Coordinator Robert D. Whipkey said the Division of Forestry is reminding both ginseng dealers and diggers that between April 1 and August 14 of each calendar year it is illegal to possess uncertified ginseng (green or dry) and/or ginseng that does not have a certified weight receipt attached.

Ginseng diggers should take their unsold ginseng to an official weigh station by March 31, 1995, to have it weighed. The Division of Forestry maintains weigh stations in 15 West Virginia counties. If diggers fail to have their ginseng weighed by March 31 or obtain a weight receipt, they will not be able to legally sell their ginseng and could risk being caught and fined.

For more information contact Robert D. Whipkey or Robin Black with the Division of Forestry at 304-558-2788.

... 3-23-95

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... 3-23-95

5-4-22
CIVIL WAR LETTERS

Written by George W. Arbogast, of the Greenbank Company, 31st Virginia Infantry, Confederate States Army, to his wife, who is now Mrs. Ellen Brown, of Greenbank. The following letters are the last of the series furnished us by his son, W. W. Arbogast, and were written just prior to the Battle of Spottsylvania, in which Mr. Arbogast was mortally wounded, on May 12, 1864.

Camp Near Spottsylvania Court House,

5-4-22 April 9, 1864.

My Own Dear Wife:—

The Lord has saw fit to spare me through right smart danger in the last week. I should be thankful for his mercy and blessings, as His present kindness. I have written you a letter a few days since but had no chance to send it to the P. O. The battle here commenced the 4th day of April. This Reg. came to the front on the 5th and done some little fighting. John Long was killed and Geo. Arbogast wounded in Co. G.

The Yanks kept up such a strong scurming that night that we could not sleep much. On the morning of the 6th the Yanks charged our breast works, came in about thirty or forty yards and we let volley in to them, and they lay down and

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The Yanks kept up such a strong scurming that night that we could not sleep much. On the morning of the 6th the Yanks charged our breast works, came in about thirty or forty yards and we let volley in to them, and they lay down and we fought them about three quarters of an hour and our guns got so hot that we were ordered to slacken our fire. The Yanks took advantage of the time and run, and the Yanks started to yell and we let a volley into them. There were about 100 Yanks dead. James Hamilton was wounded on the leg, Charles Moore scalped on the head and Jas. Sholes had his arm broken, the bullet entered his side and since then he died. About dusk we charged the Yanks breastworks and had to fall back about two hundred yards where we fortified that night, losing sleep again.

In this charge Mathias Moore was shot through the calf of the leg, Jas Wanless was wounded slightly, making six wounded and one killed in the Co. On the morning of the sixth we advanced and fortified and not being right threw them down, and built others. At dark got orders to move at eleven o'clock and marched nearly all night, losing another night to rest. The sun

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April 9th today, we marched some and fortified. April 10th, I feel rested today am very well. Our Brig. Gen. Pegram is wounded also Gen. Longstreet. Gen. Jones of the 25th Brig. was killed. The 25th were taken prisoners except sixty, Warwick may be glad he was not here. I saw Howard last night, he is well. He said he had heard from you a few days since. I have received but three letters from you yet. I will have to close as I have a chance to send this out. Write every week.

Kiss my babies.

Your devoted husband,

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THE POCAHONTAS TIMES

Entered at the Postoffice at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY OCTOBER 19 1939

October 10, 1774

It was just one hundred and sixty-five years ago when irate western Virginians paid off a long standing grudge against the Ohio Indians at Point Pleasant. Ever since the close of the French and Indian war in 1763, the Indian Nations, who resented being "sold down the river" by the French, continued to pester the frontiersmen by murderous raids and sneaking attacks. In May, 1774, the House of Burgesses authorized the raising of an army, and no time was lost in getting down to business. Each county already had a well organized militia system. General Andrew Lewis was given command of the southern wing of the army which included Augusta, Botetourt and Fincastle. Botetourt included the Greenbrier Valley settlements. The troops were massed at present Lewisburg. Captain John Stuart commanded a company of thirty seven men raised from and in the vicinity of present Pocahontas county. His

sneaking attacks. In May, 1774, the House of Burgesses authorized the raising of an army, and no time was lost in getting down to business. Each county already had a well organized militia system. General Andrew Lewis was given command of the southern wing of the army which included Augusta, Botetourt and Fincastle. Botetourt included the Greenbrier Valley settlements. The troops were massed at present Lewisburg. Captain John Stuart commanded a company of thirty seven men raised from and in the vicinity of present Pocahontas county. His sergeants were James Donnally, Charles O'Hara and Harriman Skidmore. His musketeers were Daniel Workman, Samuel Williams, Wm. O'Hara, Robert O'Hara, James Pauley, James Clarke, John Pauley, Archibald McDowell, Wm Hogan, Andrew Gardiner, Quavy Lockhart, Samuel Sullivan, Thomas Fergusan, John McCandles, Thomas Gillispie, Henry Lawrence, John Crain, Wm. Dyer, Edward Smith, John Harris, Joseph Currence, Wm Clendenin, Spencer Cooper, Daniel Taylor, Jos Day, Jacob Lockhart, George Clendenin, John Burke, Charles Kennison, William Ewing, John Doherty, John McNeal and Jos Campbell. The names of these men should be emblazoned in bronze at Marlinton, for they had the honor of engaging in the last colonial pitched battle on Virginia soil and, at the same time, in the preliminary battle for American independence. Captain Stuart's company had the honor of being the first to march out of Camp Union (Lewisburg) for the battle front on the Ohio one hundred

Charles Kennison, William Ewing, John Doherty, John McNeal and Jos Campbell. The names of these men should be emblazoned in bronze at Marlinton, for they had the honor of engaging in the last colonial pitched battle on Virginia soil and, at the same time, in the preliminary battle for American independence. Captain Stuart's company had the honor of being the first to march out of Camp Union (Lewisburg) for the battle front on the Ohio one hundred sixty miles away, September 6, 1774. The rest of the little army of five hundred fifty men followed in four days, and they reached "the point" October 9. Before breakfast next morning, the battle was on against a superior number of Indians commanded by the famous Chief ~~Keightough~~ Keightough qua, known to the Virginians as Cornstalk. The battle waged furiously throughout the day without victory or defeat to either side. Virgil Lewis says: "General Lewis, now knew that if the battle was not ended before night settled down upon the field, it would be a night of massacre, or the morrow a day of great doubt, and he resolved to throw a body of men into the rear of the Indian army. He therefore sent three of the most renowned companies on the field to execute this movement. They were those of Captains George Mathews, John Stuart, and Eyan Shelby, the latter now commanded by his son Lt Isaac Shelby. They were called from the front, then proceeded up the Ke-

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commanded by the famous Chief, Waightaqua, known to the Virginians as Cornstalk. The battle waged furiously throughout the day without victory or defeat to either side. Virgil Lewis says: "General Lewis, now knew that if the battle was not ended before night settled down upon the field, it would be a night of massacre, or the morrow a day of great doubt, and he resolved to throw a body of men into the rear of the Indian army. He therefore sent three of the most renowned companies on the field to execute this movement. They were those of Captains George Mathews, John Stuart, and Evan Shelby, the latter now commanded by his son Lt Isaac Shelby. They were called from the front, then proceeded up the Kenawha to Crooked Creek, then up Crooked Creek to their destination and poured a destructive fire upon the Indian rear." This coup caused the Indians to retreat. The battle was ended. Let Pocahontas people note that their company under Captain Stuart helped deliver the knock out blow. Three of Stuart's men suffered wounds during the battle—Kennison, William Clendenin and Thomas Ferguson. Thus did Greenbrier Valley men valiantly acquit themselves on this first field of battle for American Independence. Not Governor Dunlap at the Ohio, these doubtless either



...Virginia would
have annihilated the
Indians on their own ground or
given them out of the country.

A. E. Ewing
Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Editor's Note—Naturally, the force of his logic, long training and a general disposition to be agreeable, I agree with Mr Ewing's suggestion of an appropriate bronze marker with the names of our Indian fighters emblazoned thereon. Some of these days, probably we all will stir our stumps to do this belated honor. There is a rub however, and that is the fact that now embraces Pocahontas was divided between Augusta and Botetourte counties back the time of the Revolution. Everything north of Swago was considered Augusta and below that creek was considered Botetourte—no line having been surveyed until 1785 eight years after the formation of Greenbrier in 1777, as between Harrison and Greenbrier. While the roster of Captain Stuart's company has been preserved, so many of the rosters of the companies of Augusta county have been lost. Off hand I will say our people went out under Captain George Moffett, and I have never seen a list of his soldiers. He spent much of the summer of 1774 repairing the fort at Clover Lick, and recruited his men from this region. Off hand, again, I can recall some of them: the Warwicks, the Camerons, the Sitlingtons, the Wooddells, the Poages, the Waughs, the Slavens, William Sharp, Moses Moore, the Drennons, the Bridgers, the Friels, John Johnson, the Arbogasts. Until the required research work can be done to make the list of our heroes complete, it might be a good idea to defer the erection of the bronze tablet.

Journal's Terry Turner reprinted

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VOL. TWO: NUMBER

CONTINUED

Draft Registrars For County Appointed

10-10-40

Wednesday, October 16, is the day set for the registration day of men between the ages of 21 and 36 years, from whom will be drawn 900,000 men to be trained for national defense and preparedness. The registration is by counties, and the place of registration is the voting precinct. The date is October 16; the hours 7 a. m. to 9 p. m.

The County Court appointed the following registrars for Pocahontas County:

GREENBANK DISTRICT

Durbin—Mrs. Homer McNeil, Mrs. Lelia Little.

Greenbank—Mrs. Virginia Conley
Mrs. L. C. McCutcheon, Mrs. Jake Dean.

Dunmore—Mrs. Lena McLaughlin,
Jesse Moore.

Cass—S. A. Jackson, Elmer Duncan, Mrs. Ruth Fox.

Thornwood—Mrs. Mattie Rexrode,
S.H. Johnson.

Greenbank—Mrs. Virginia Conley
Mrs. L. C. McCutcheon, Mrs. Jake
Dean.

Dunmore—Mrs. Lena McLaughlin,
Jesse Moore.

Cass—S. A. Jackson, Elmer Dun-
can, Mrs. Ruth Fox.

Thornwood—Mrs. Mattie Rexrode,
S.H. Johnson.

Boyer—J. B. Waybright, Mrs.
Lillian Johnson.

Hosterman—Cecil Houchin, Mrs.
Viola Moore.

Spruce—Mrs. Frank Imes, Mrs.
Ralph Lowe.

Bartow—Mrs. Robert Kramer, Mrs
J. B. Snyder

EDRAY

Marlinton—Harlow Waugh, Mrs.
Fred Sheets.

Edray—Geo. Geiger, S. R. Moore.

Linwood—R. L. Ruckman, Mrs. C.
C. Beale.

Clover Lick— Mrs. Harper Bev-
erage, Legon Coyner.

West Marlinton—French Gibson,
J. W. Moses.

Buckeye—Mrs. Amelia Rose, Mrs.
A. W. McNeil.

Woodrow—Emory Miller, Edith
VanReenan.

Alderny—J. H. Higgins, D. C.
Dean.

Mary Tracy

Dean.

Mace—G. D. Brady, Maxine Tracy
Slatyfork —Wm. Miller, Page
Hamrick.

LITTLE LEVELS

Millpoint—Wm. Cackley, J. S.
Cook.

Hillsboro—Mrs. Albert Covington,
Lacy McMillion.

Lobelia—A Ipheus Hull, Frank
Morrison,

Seebert—Mildred Jones, Tourence
Workman,

Beard—Kyle Beard, Dorsey R.
May.

Droop Mt.—W. P. Kershner, W. C
McMillion.

HUNTERSVILLE

Frost—H. H. Schofield, A. J.
harp.

Huntersville—Helen Barlow, Clar-
McComb.

horny Creek—Ellis Friel, D. W.
ry.

East Buckeye—Mary Clark, Jay
ackley.

Minnehaha Springs—John
O. Wade.

POCAHONTAS TIMES

(Page 2)

Published every Thursday except the last week of the year.

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JANE PRICE SEARP, EDITOR

THURSDAY, JAN. 11, 1973

HONEY

We don't mean to go into the doctoring business but we want to pass along a home remedy. Stanley Loudermilk was in this week and said everyone was asking about how much honey and vinegar to take for arthritis and various ailments and he wanted some little cards printed so he would have them handy for his friends. He says this past summer he visited Clyde Friddle, in Moorefield, who is a young 86 and as spry and supple as a much younger man. Mr. Friddle, widely known throughout the eastern part of the state, has 109 colonies of bees. Every night for 40 years he has taken a glass of water with vinegar and honey

Of course, Mr. Loudermilk proudly added, our white lynn honey is far superior to the honey of that area, made from blue thistle, etc.

What started all this right now was the Buckeye Sunday School Class had a card from Rev. and Mrs. Ray and they were telling that the vinegar and honey was helping his arthritis so much. A few years back we read a book by a New England doctor and he credited the long life span of Vermonters to the cider vinegar and honey, also cranberry juice, that the natives used. In fact, he said it would help most any ailment, and make you feel better even if you had no ailments.

Back to the recipe. One glass of water, three table-spoons of strained honey and add brown cider vinegar to suit taste.

Mr. Loudermilk's mother made wonderful sweetened corn pones and his wife is following in her way, using her recipe. But they think they have improved the pones by using honey. He brought us some Monday night and it was delicious.

HISTORIC OCCASION 8-29-29

Stones at Graves of Pioneer Settlers To Be Placed Aug. 31.

On Saturday, August 31, at 1:30 o'clock, markers for two very old graves situated in the old Lively cemetery near the home of the late L. M. Lively, at Orchard, this county, will be unveiled with appropriate ceremonies, under the auspices of the Daughters of the American Revolution, of Bluefield. One, a government marker, is for the grave of Col. Lively, a soldier of the American Revolution; the other is for Mrs. Ann Morris Maddy Parsons, widow of Robert Morris, the great commander of the American Revolution.

Col. Lively enlisted in the Continental army when a lad of sixteen from Albemarle county, Virginia, and after the close of the war emigrated to Monroe county (then Greenbrier), married Sarah Maddy, daughter of Mrs. Ann Morris Maddy Parsons, and settled on what is still known as the old Lively Place. This home descended to his son, Col. Wilson Lively, but after his death at the close of the Civil War, it was burned. L. M. Lively, a grandson of Wilson Lively and great grandson of Col. Lively, later acquired the land and rebuilt the home.

These pioneer settlers, Col. Lively and Mrs. Ann Morris Maddy Parsons, left many descendants, some of whom still reside in Monroe and adjoining counties, who will be interested in the exercises on August 31st. All are cordially invited to be present, bring their lunch and make the occasion a pleasurable family reunion.

Mrs. Ella Lively, Keokuk, Iowa, West Virginia, is preparing a paper on the "Lively Family," and Mrs. Bettie Lively Holroyd, of Athens, a paper on "Ann Morris Maddy Parsons." Both of these ladies will be glad to receive any family history or information relative to their subjects. E. L. Lively of Fairmont, will make the principal address.

Mrs. Rose Lively, Ansett, Ark., Oklahoma; Mr. Fred Lively McVee of Los Angeles, Calif.; Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Lively of Roanoke, Va.; Mrs. Nannie Lively, Hays, Kansas; Mr. Richard Lively of Charleston, and Dodge, Frank Lively of Charleston, are some of the descendants from a distant, who have signed their names of honor.

Arrival of the day is invited to attend. He is to be held on the subject. "Where's the

The Trail of the Lonesome

On a mountain in Virginia
Lingers a lonesome pine
Just before the edge of the
of a little girl of mine
Her name is Jane, and she
she is waiting for me
For I know she's waiting there
South that lone pine tree.

Chorus

In the Blue Ridge Mountains of
On the trail of the lonesome pine
In the pale moonlight the lone pine
Where she waited for me
O Jane like the mountains I'm
I am lonesome for you
In the Blue Ridge Mountains of
On the trail of the lonesome pine

I can hear the tinkling waterfall
Far across the hills
Rhododendrons bloom each so sweetly
To his mate by rippling falls
They seem to say "Your Jane
Lingers like her eyes
She is waiting for you patiently
Where the blue pine tree
Chorus

Great Greenbrier Log Drive

A new event
Autumn Harvest
commemorates the 19
drives on the Green
famous by W. E.
Riders of the Flood,
same time raising mon
PCHS's expanding gi
program.

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barely float a canoe. Th
loggers used splash d
small streams to carry
down to the river. T
stayed throughout the w

As Roy Clarkson

Tumult on the Mountains.

"The beginning of
was heralded by the break
the ice and its floating down
The huge blocks of ice w
along the river banks
sloughs and eddys form
that helped keep the log

The Trail of the Lonesome Pine

On a mountain in Virginia
Stands a lonesome pine,
Just below is the cabin home
Of a little girl of mine;
Her name is June, and very, very soon
She'll belong to me,
For I know she's waiting there for me,
'Neath that lone pine-tree.

Chorus

In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia,
On the trail of the lonesome pine,
In the pale moonshine our hearts entwine,
Where she carved her name and I carved mine;
O June! like the mountains I'm blue, like the pine
I am lonesome for you;
In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia,
On the trail of the lonesome pine.

I can hear the tinkling waterfall
Far among the hills;
Bluebirds sing, each so merrily
To his mate in rapture-trills;
They seem to say: "Your June is lonesome, too,
Longing fills her eyes;
She is waiting for you patiently
Where the pine-tree sighs."

Chorus

Hearth and
Home

1-1-28.

Heart and
Flame

1-23

Great Greenbrier River Log Drive

A new event at this year's Autumn Harvest Festival commemorates the 19th century log drives on the Greenbrier, made famous by W. E. Blackhurst's *Riders of the Flood*, while at the same time raising money to support PCHS's expanding girl's athletics program.

Before the railroad came to Pocahontas County at the turn of the century, the only way to get the white pine logs down to the mill at Ronceverte was to float them down the river. But as we all know, for much of the year the Greenbrier can barely float a canoe. The old time loggers used splash dams in the small streams to carry the logs down to the river. There they stayed throughout the winter.

As Roy Clarkson recounts in *Tumult on the Mountains*,

"The beginning of the drive was heralded by the breaking up of the ice and its floating downstream. The huge blocks of ice were piled along the river banks and in sloughs and eddys forming walls that helped keep the logs in the

main stream. The logs themselves were rolled in as soon as the main floe passed and were carried swiftly downstream. The men, with their teams followed along both banks to keep logs rolled into the water and to clear out the ones that were forced into sloughs and flats by the swollen stream.

The work was dangerous and extremely disagreeable. The men worked from early morning until after dark, much of the time soaked by the icy water. Nevertheless, the drive continued until the logs were caught near the sawmill by large booms that extended across the river."

The Great Greenbrier river Log Drive, to be held Saturday, September 29, at noon, recalls the exciting days, but on a miniature scale. "Mini-logs", each branded with a number will be launched into the Greenbrier near Burns Motor Freight. The first mini-log to reach the highway bridge in Marlinton will be declared the winner. The person whose \$5 donation to the PCHS girls athletic program "bought" that log will receive a \$250 premium. You can buy a mini-log from any PCHS woman athlete or call the high school at 799-6564.

...his wife ... are a self-suffi- ... winter storms. ... altitudes before the
(From the Webster
1964

Mary's Chapel

100th

Anniversary





Mathew 16:18

“and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.”

his wife Mamie are a self-suffl-

his herd to lower altitudes before the adverse
winter storms. (From the Webster Republ

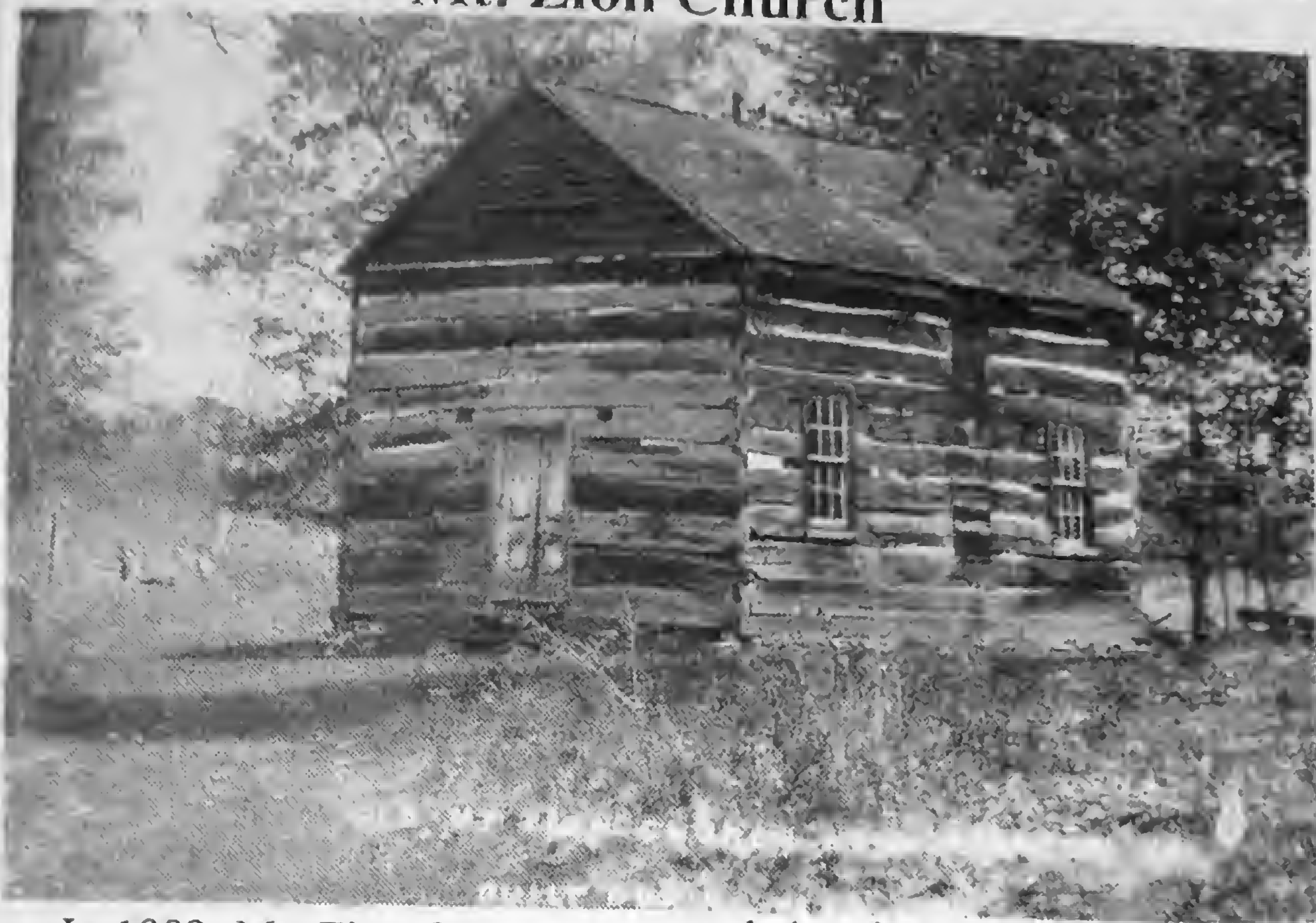
1964

Come and celebrate the 100th anniversary of Mary's Chapel founded in 1888.

Services will begin September 4th from 10:00 am until 4:00 pm. Old fashioned dinner on the grounds. Your presence will make this celebration complete.

11-22-90

Mt. Zion Church



In 1808, Mt. Zion Church was built on land belonging to Felix Grimes, who settled in the Hill Country in the year of 1770. The deed was given for the church on September 6, 1836, by Charles Grimes (son of Felix) and Martha, his wife, to James Wanless, William Moore, John Wanless, James Grimes, John Sharp, Henry Arbogast and John Waugh - trustees. Consisting of two acres and 51 poles, it was a part of the survey of 510 acres granted to Felix Grimes by patent and devised to the said Charles Grimes in his will. They sold it to the trustees for five dollars.

The deed reads thus - Together with all of the wood waters there to belonging to the above mentined and described, price of land to the above named trustees and their successors in office forever. That shall erect or cause to be erected a house. A place to worship of God through the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America. According to the rules of desciple ship.

I have been told that a quarterly Conference was held at the said church in 1840. In a report to Conference by the trustees, Martin Dilley, Washington Moore and Beverley Waugh, they stated that the building was completed to the ceiling, the cost had been \$300.00

and that \$50.00 should finish it. Hanson Dilley bought the stone, paid \$5.00 for it. Preston Moore, Harvey Curry and Moses Moore were appointed to fill vacancies which had occurred. This church originally had a gallery for the use of the slaves. This was an active church until about 1957.

Approximately sixty years ago the small windows were changed and the outside covered with tin. In the 1950's the wooden steps were replaced with concrete steps. Also, the roof and inside and outside of the church were painted. In the 1970's, the foundation was repaired. Today the Mt. Zion church is used for funerals, homecomings, or services from time to time. The cemetery which surrounds the church is still being used.

The above was taken from a bulletin on the 150th Anniversary in 1986.

This church is being restored as nearly as possible to the original log church as a landmark in the community, in honor of our forefathers.

This is being done by free labor and donations.

Anyone wishing to help may send a donation to Mae Corbett, Rt. 1, Box 130A, Dunmore, WV 24934.

Make checks payable to Mt. Zion Building Fund.

Seneca Trail
The Seneca Trail
met Friday night
held by Mrs Robert
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music recital by J
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' Teaching Econo
A special song wa
and girls of the
grades Refres
by the 4 H Club

17-38

Seneca Trail P. T. A.

The Seneca Trail Parent-Teachers met Friday night. Devotionals were held by Mrs Robert Gibson. An important feature of the program was a music recital by Joe Compollo and his music class. C. C. Beale gave an interesting report concerning electricity for the community. Miss Lucille Bright talked on the subject of 'Teaching Economics to Children.' A special song was sung by the boys and girls of the second and third grades. Refreshments were served by the 4 H Club girls.

List for Pocahontas County

The Veterans Memorial Foundation has sent us the following list containing the names they have of Pocahontas County casualties. Families are asked to check the list carefully for mistakes in the way a name is given or for omissions. If a mistake needs to be corrected or a name added contact the Foundation at the address given above.

World War I

Blankenship, Benjamin F.
Edwards, Seth W.
Lambert, William O.
McMillion, Edgar E.
Wilfong, Marvin
Accord, Charles H.
Gum, Charles N.
McLaughlin, Charles C.
Sponaugle, Woodfin H.
Buzzard, Lloyd W.
Henderson, James
Burr, Forrest W.
Dean, Silas D.
Hannah, Fred A.
Judy, Jesse L.
Kelley, Robert S.
Messer, Elbert
Webster, Winters W.
York, Norman B.
Houchin, Ward W.
Rose, Carl
Aronhalt, John H.
Gilmore, Earl A.
Smith, Dewey C.

PT
7-2-92

World War II

Adkison Robert L.

Do you know

Messer, Elbert
Webster, Winters W.
York, Norman B.
Houchin, Ward W.
Rose, Carl
Aronhalt, John H.
Gilmore, Earl A.
Smith, Dewey C.

World War II

Adkison Robert L.
Alderman, John M.
Bennett, Othel B.
Brock, Carl D.
Burns, Geroge C.
Burris, Frank E.
Bussard, Eugene P.
Buzzard, Elmer W.
Cloonan, Clarence B.
Curry, Everett M.
Dean, Harlan E. *Killed*
Fertig, Gay S.
Friel, Paul C.
Gillispie, Owen K.
Griffin, Ralph J.
Grogg, Emil L.
Hannah, Samuel B. III
Hefner, Andy E.
Jeffries, William M.
King, Letcher L.
McCarty, Letch
McNeill, James H.
McLaughlin, W.W.
McLaughlin, Decima E.
McLaughlin, Floyd E.
Meeks, Eugene B.
Mullenax, Raymond R.
Ray, George W.
Reed, Andrew O.
Reed, Harold L.
Rife, Henry, Jr.
Sharp, Basil C.
Shiffler, George E.
Shinaberry, M. G.
VanReenen, Cecil G.
Walker, James G.
Watts, William D.
Williamson, Clyde J.
Korea



Do you know these men?
postcard. Contact Dorothy Fer
Dunmore, WV 24934

Watts, William D.
Williamson, Clyde J.
Korea

Carr, Bernard E.
James, Davis E.

Vietnam

McCarty, Douglas Wayne
Rexrode, Jack Lee
Rider, Samuel Dewey, Jr.
Sprouse, Lee Roy David
Underwood, Watson Jr.
Van Meter, Jake Harold, Jr.
Williams, John Ray
Friel, Luster Clark
Wilmoth, Lewis Dixon

Additional Names

The names listed below are given in the Pocahontas County History Book as casualties but not on the Memorial Foundation's list. If correct they need to be confirmed to the Foundation by a family or other knowledgeable person.

World War I

William C. Burwell
Paul B. Duprey
Clao B. McKeever
James C. Sumner

Van Meter, Jake Harold, Jr.
Williams, John Ray
Friel, Luster Clark
Wilmoth, Lewis Dixon

Additional Names

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World War I

William C. Burwell
Paul B. Duprey
Clio B. McKeever
George C. Symes
Frazier O. Thomas
Page D. Waugh

World War II/Korea/Vietnam

Stanley W. Armentrout
George W. Darnell
James O. Daugherty
Loris H. Duncan
Kenneth J. Hamrick
Robert L. McComb
Lamar A. Scott
Samuel F. Spencer

Do you know these men?



Do you know these men? This is a picture of a postcard. Contact Dorothy Fertlg, Route 1 Box 338-A, Dunmore, WV 24934



The WEST VIRGINIA

HERALD

SINGLE
COPY
10^c

VOL. TWO: NUMBER 34 RICHWOOD, W. VA. AUGUST 24, 1957



When the Akron Beacon Journal's Terry Turner reprinted the News Leader's "You Can Grow Your Own Appendix," the paper was used.

By last count 33 different returns at night. He is tired. I clutches of you-can-do-it-yourself. Something like Swift's—or was it Armour's—"Modest Proposal in a Tub", an essay that kept the Irish people from eating their children. That was back during the early railroad building days in America and we couldn't turn a wheel without some Irish workmen. We looked into the matter and found that the Irish were eating their children. Don't ask me why. Maybe Dr. Johnson said, "Sir, the Irish have no bread" and then some queen said, "Sir, let 'em eat children". Anyhow

It is something simple. Something you can do yourself, she tells him. Does he look at her and say, "Dearie, take this %\$*&() crap and do it yourself." Does he? No. Hu-huh. No never. He sulks and batters his finger nails and mutters under his breath and takes it out on the hired help the next day.

I know enough about the male to know that one of these days the worm would turn. He would start stopping at a beer garden instead of going home, and then one day suddenly he would just be a name in the files of the Missing Persons Bureau. I figured somebody had to do something somehow. And the best thing to do is to laugh the thing out. Ha, ha. That's the way. So I decided to write a satire on the thing. Good old "Punk" Pinckard of the Huntington papers taught me all I know about writing editorials. (Brother, would I like to see his face when he reads this!)

He said, "Jim". He was always singling me out in class. "Jim", he said, "Don't use a club when you can use a knife." Precious, precious, carefree school days.

A knife would be used to free the world of the fell

the American Chamber of Commerce and the Railroad Brotherhood sent this Swift (it could have been a Mr. Wilson) and he wrote a satire and saved the Union Pacific from Bein' No railroad.

Not My First Attempt

(I would like to interject here that the above pun is in copy-right, whether anybody has any intentions of using it or not). The appendix thing wasn't my first attempt to rid the world of this malady. I first did one called "You Can Be Your Own Psychoanalyst", and brother, was that ever a dud! I tried another one. Did hours of research on it. Wrote it down and had it checked and double checked for accuracy. But I never used it. I wasn't quite sure just how far my readers would let me go. It was called "You Can Embalm Your Own Loved Ones". For the past three years it has lain on top of the bills and old Richwood Banking and Trust Company blotters in my desk. Ever so often I pick up the manuscript and look at it longingly and ask Bronson what he thinks and he says, "No, I don't believe I'd use it." And I put it back.

The best idea of all was the auto-appendectomy. I had the idea for a long time, before I approached a doctor for some technical know-how. It isn't at all unusual for a writer to call upon a doctor for background information. Sinclair Lewis did it frequently, and you know who Sinclair Lewis was! I met Dr. Pangloss on the street. That isn't the doctor's real name. Dr.

The doctor wanted to know was I serious. I told him I was. "Well, I'll tell you what I want me to tell you what I would do if I wanted to take out my own appendix. That isn't too difficult. As many as three doctors to my knowledge have tried it, and I think one of them survived. My proposition is this: I will collaborate with you in every way. I'll give you all the technical information needed, and I'll pitch in a lot of good confusing medical terms. If . . ."

I knew it would be a hard bargain. But it wasn't.

Doctor Was Mum

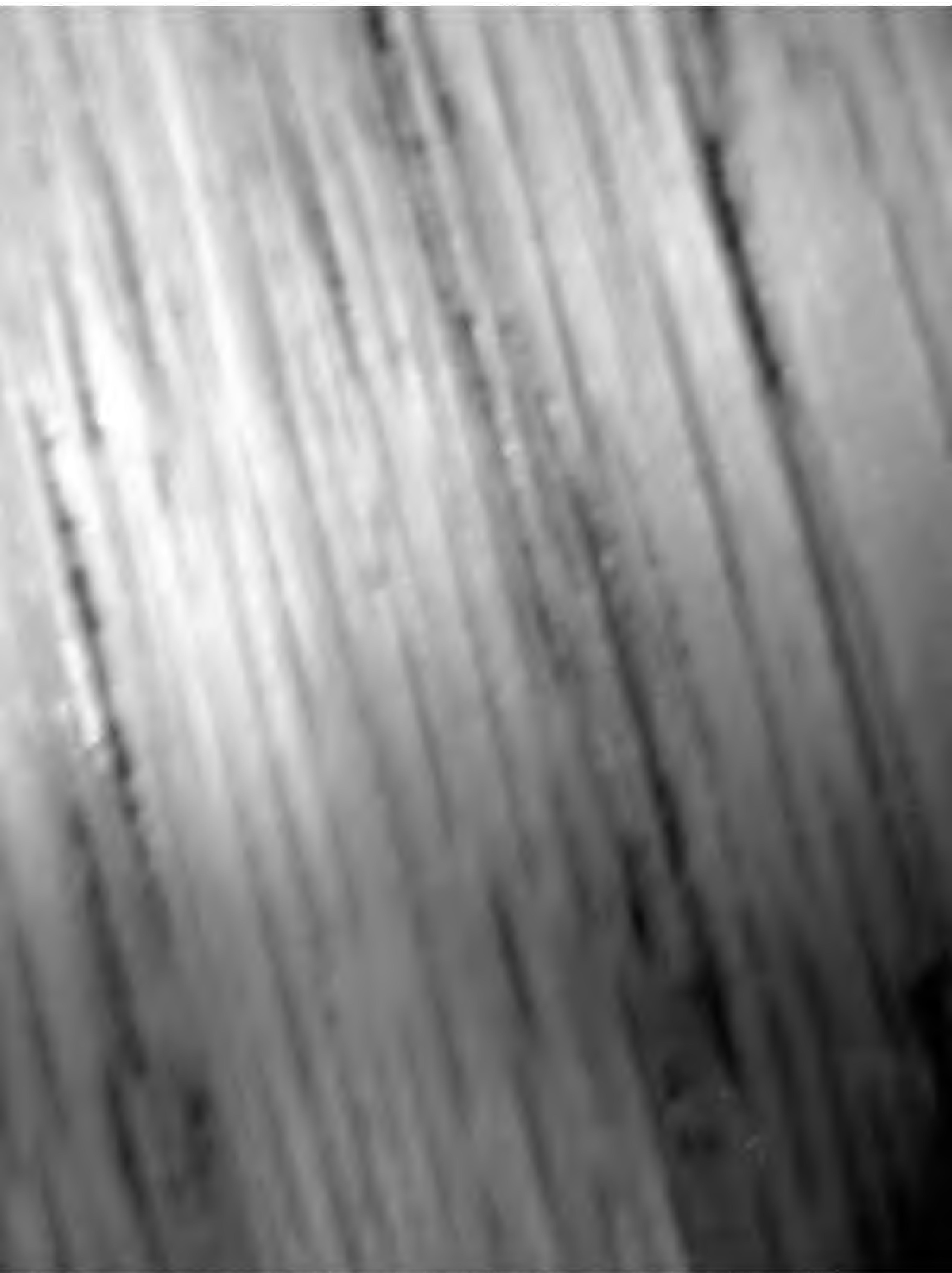
"If you'll never tell anybody that I had anything to do with it." He looked around to see we could be heard, then whispered, "I am just on the verge of announcing a new

(Turn to Page 10)



THE VENUS DE MILO
X Marks the Spot

Hillbilly Is Dedicated This Week to the Doctors of West Virginia Who Are Holding Their Annual Convention at the Greenbriar





Digging in Ireland, Jack Arden Spurr inspects some freshly dug ramps gathered for a festival held annually in Ireland, W. Va.

THE RAMPS ARE UP! COME FEAST

Photos by WILLIAM L. KLENDER



Mrs. Floda Perrine and Mrs. Georgin Alkire helped prepare some of the hundred bushels of ramps served.

By RALPH REPPERT

HIGH on the slopes of the West Virginia hills grows an herb which, eaten raw or cooked, combines the best of both worlds: the flavor of ambrosia with a smell powerful enough to knock a man down.

It is the super-pungent variety of wild leek (*Allium tripedunculatum*) known as the ramp. From its big family tree, it inherits the best and the worst of both onion and garlic, and to these it adds its own delicious and distinctive flavor.

Botanically, it is a cousin of the lily of the valley, which it resembles. Usually it grows to its ideal height — 10 to 12 inches — by the middle of April. Then, in communities throughout the state, tens of thousands of West Virginians gather to eat ramps raw, fried, boiled in soups, stews and omelettes, minced and added raw to side dishes which range from soup beans to coleslaw.

Every year native sons transplanted in other states drive 300 and 400 miles to come home at ramp time to eat them. There aren't many other places to go. Ramps, although they can be found in mountain woodlands from Maine down into North Carolina, grow most abundantly and with superior flavor in West Virginia.

Ramps have been called the Cherokee's Revenge, for these Indians are said to have introduced them to the early Blue Ridge Mountain settlers. In the days of the pioneers, they were cherished as the year's first edible greens after a winter menu of dried beans and salted meat.

West Virginians still find them a spring tonic. Some claim 14 different beneficial medical properties for the ramp. Doctors say only that they contain an abundance of Vitamin C.

NOBODY knows for sure, but West Virginia's wild wild leek is thought to have taken its name from the French rampion. A synonym for the French plant is a three-foot growth topped by a carrot-shaped root which, though edible, has a taste flavor.

Ramps are as beneficial as they are delicious. In describing them well, it is impossible to exaggerate.

"Like the ramp, may be," says someone, "but like what else?"

Putting it as gently as possible, some ramps people love, others don't. It is a delicate herb, but to the ramp lover it is the queen of all herbs. There's a little something for everyone in the world of ramps.

(See also page 100)



Ramps are the star of a meal in the community hall, which goes 110 diners at a time. Served in addition to ramps are soup beans, green beans, potato salad, coleslaw, etc. (See page 100)



T U

Photos b



Golding a mattock, Jacob Astor Spaur inspects some freshly dug
moss gathered for a festival held annually in Ireland, W. Va.

Mrs. Floda P.
prepare some

Photos by WILLIAM L. KLENDER



Mrs. Floda Perrine and Mrs. Georgia Alkire helped prepare some of the hundred bushels of ramps served.

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... prepared for a ramp feast in Ireland, W. Va. ... Mrs. Georgia Allister helped ...



People pay \$2 each to attend a ramp feast in the community hall, which seats 116 diners at a time. Served in addition to ramps are many items are home fried potatoes, soup beans, green beans, pickled eggs, cornbread, pie, sassafras tea, coffee.

... Every year ... in other states ... to some homes at ... These aren't ... Ramps ... mountain ... into North Carolina ... and with ... Virginia.

Ramps have been ... Revenge, for ... said to have introduced ... Blue Ridge Mountain ... days of the pioneer ... lished as the year's ... after a winter menu ... salted meat.

West Virginians ... spring tonic. Some ... beneficial medical ... ramp. Doctors say o ... tain an abundance of

NOBODY knows if Virginia's wild-wild have taken its name *rampion*. A misnomer plant is a three-foot carrot-shaped root which has a tame flavor.

Ramps are as fierce as are delicious. In desert it is impossible to eat

"Lilies the ramps n taineers say. "but folks ain't."

Putting it as gently as ing ramps leaves your enough for a full-grow himself on it. There's a of garlic in the smell

THE SUN MAGAZINE



Mrs. Georgia Alkire helped
load bushels of ramps served.



a ramp served in addition to
pot, sausage, too, coffee.

By RALPH REPERT

HIGH on the slopes of the West Virginia hills grows an herb which, eaten raw or cooked, combines the heavenly flavor of ambrosia with a smell powerful enough to knock a man down.

It is the super-pungent variety of wild leek (*Allium tricoccum*) known as the ramp. From its big family tree, it inherits the best and the worst of both onion and garlic, and to these it adds its own delicious and distinctive flavor.

Botanically, it is a cousin of the lily of the valley, which it resembles. Usually it grows to its ideal height — 10 to 12 inches — by the middle of April. Then, in communities throughout the state, tens of thousands of West Virginians gather to eat ramps raw, fried, boiled in soups, stews and omelettes, minced and added raw to side dishes which range from soup beans to coleslaw.

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Ramps have been called the Cherokees' Revenge, for these Indians are said to have introduced them to the early Blue Ridge Mountain settlers. In the days of the pioneers, they were cherished as the year's first edible greenery after a winter menu of dried beans and salted meat.

West Virginians still hail them as a spring tonic. Some claim 14 different beneficial medical properties for the ramp. Doctors say only that they contain an abundance of Vitamin C.

NOBODY knows for sure, but West Virginia's wild-wild leek is thought to have taken its name from the French *rampon*. A misnomer, for the French plant is a three-foot growth topping a carrot-shaped root which, though edible, has a tame flavor.

Ramps are as fiercely odorous as they are delicious. In describing their smell, it is impossible to exaggerate.

"Lilies the ramps may be," mountaineers say, "but folks what eats 'em ain't."

Putting it as gently as possible, eating ramps leaves your breath strong enough for a full-grown boy to chin himself on it. There's a hefty measure of garlic in the smell, and of skunk.



are a super-pungent variety of wild leek, with qualities of onion and gar-

It has also been compared to the sharp odor of acetylene, gas formed when water is poured over carbide. To round out the fragrance, add the deep, mellow aroma downwind from an old tannery on a hot day.

RAMP smell is an insidious, penetrating thing which permeates every cell of the body and every fiber of the clothing. For days after a ramp feast, it emanates from the pores of the skin.

In many households it is the custom for a man coming home from a ramp feast to go directly to the garage, where he takes off all his clothing. It goes

directly into the washing machine, and is run through twice.

The man moves then into a shower. He may shower again several times before going to work on Monday morning. And then it happens—his secretary must refuse to sit in the same room with him.

West Virginia teachers have the authority to send home any child who comes to school after eating ramps. The child has to stay home until he sweetens up. Sometimes this takes three days.

But the flavor—ah, the flavor—worth every bit of trouble it entails.

Paul Loudin, a funeral director in

Ireland, a village near Buckhannon and Weston, has directed his community's ramp feasts for the last 25 years. His is not the biggest in the state, nor the oldest, but most ramp lovers consider it one of the best.

His first ramp feed, in a church basement, drew 75 customers. Now there are more than a thousand, just about as many as the Ireland Community Building can accommodate.

The secret of putting on a good ramp feast is that everybody works—retired townspeople, the farm women's clubs, the church groups, 4-H boys and girls.

After the February thaw, Pete Craw-

boiled, drained, refrigerated. "Y last minute, then fried in oil and served smoking hot. Mado you add a touch of vinegar at the end?"

In West Virginia, all ramps are practically the same menu. In the north, cooked ramps, raw ramps (with salt as green onions are) and hot ramps (potatoes, there are soup beans, cottage cheese, pickled deviled eggs, cornbread, sautéed iced tea, coffee and a choice of or lemon pie.

Dale Pickens and his wife have gallons of special applesauce, in the sulphured apples.

Some West Virginians still grow the fruit this way. In the autumn, picked apples are peeled and hung in cotton bags (suspended over the side of a 20-gallon barrel).

Continued

ford, who heads up the ramp diggers, takes a run over to Hacker's Valley—where they grow tender and thick—for a look at this year's crop. Sometimes he lifts the crusted snow to locate the best patches. After another trip or two, he takes an educated guess at when the ramps will be prime size, and then Loudin can announce the ramp feast date. The announcement is carried by the local newspapers, radio and TV stations, not as paid advertising, but as news.

At the same time, he sends out the ramp feast date in a stack of stamped and self-addressed envelopes left with him the previous year by transplanted West Virginians who want to know when to come back home.

WITH crews of three or four men each day, Pete Crawford dug for a week this year. The ramps were just right—nearly a foot high, stalks the size of a lead pencil, tender and succulent as new green onions. A hundred bushels were hauled in in burlap sacks.

Once begun, a ramp feast has to move along quickly, for ramps have a short season. The herb becomes hot, tough and unbearably strong.

and the
head breaks into bloom.

The women get busy at the Community Building. Ramps are cleaned the way green onions are, except that the whole ramp, leaf and all, is eaten. Chopped into short sections, the ramps go into big kettles where they are boiled, drained, boiled again, then put into refrigeration until the day of the feast.

In huge pots, fragrant chunks of sassafras root boil all day. The dark red tea is made double strength so it can later be diluted, heated again and served with the feast. Some believe the tea to be the world's best cure for spring fever, claiming it thins the blood and tones it up for summer. It needs no such ballyhoo. The reason no ramp feast is ever held without sassafras tea is that it is delicious.

The ramp feast workers show up early on Saturday, for serving starts at noon.

They break out the bacon, and soon it is sizzling in half a dozen black iron skillets. Before the day is over, they'll fry 475 pounds of it.

Ten bushels of potatoes boiled the day before with their jackets on are sliced and browned in the bacon fat.

T
IME

fry 475 P
Ten bushels of potatoes are boiled the day before with their jackets on are sliced and browned in the bacon fat.

TIME now to haul out the ramps. In some parts of the state they merely boil ramps with ham or a side of bacon.

Paul Loudin's customers like ramps boiled, drained, refrigerated until the last minute, then fried in bacon fat and served smoking hot. Many devotees add a touch of vinegar at the table.

In West Virginia, all ramp feasts offer practically the same menu. In addition to cooked ramps, raw ramps (eaten with salt as green onions are) and home fried potatoes, there are soup beans, green beans, cottage cheese, pickled eggs, deviled eggs, cornbread, sassafras tea, iced tea, coffee and a choice of apple or lemon pie.

Dale Pickens and his wife haul in 12 gallons of special applesauce, made with sulphured apples.

Some West Virginians still preserve the fruit this way. In the autumn, freshly picked apples are peeled and quartered and hung in cotton bags (sugar sacks) over the side of a 20-gallon stone jar. A

Continued on Page 15

From Judge Gathright

— 2-1-57

January 21, 1951.

My dear Calvin:

I have just read with much interest your account of your Highland trip where you told the folks something of the Cranberry Glades. This reminds me of an unfinished story of the Bogs that I wanted you to have.

Some years ago, by special appointment with you, I took a very distinguished party of friends over to Marlinton, where you joined us and made the trip to Cranberry Bogs. Incidentally, I want to say that we had with us on that trip, Mrs. Henry, of Philadelphia, who is probably the world's authority on wild flowers. This trip through the Bogs with you and your knowledge of how it was formed, the plant life and everything made it wonderfully interesting.

When we came back out of the Bogs to the road one of the ladies exclaimed what beautiful trilliums were on a little rise just above us, at which time all of us climbed up to see the wild flowers. You reached down and pulled up something and asked if I knew what it was. I did not and you told me it was a "ramp" and that I should have some of them growing on my preserve. I borrowed two feed sacks from the chief engineer of the Government Reservation and in a very small space got about

RAMP-EATER'S REUNION

The ancient, the unappreciated order of ramp-eaters held their annual reunion at Swago Sunday. The site selected was one of such rare charm that only one accustomed to hunting the lovely places in search of the fragrant lily could fully appreciate.

The little cove, grass carpeted, made a natural amphitheatre. Gushing over a cliff on one side of the bowl is a spring large enough to turn a mill. Below the spring a smokeless open fire of dry butternut sticks. Over the fire black kettles of boiling ramps. Above the kettles loomed the genial chief cook, Bone Lightner. His watchful eye was on the cleaners, the fryers, the coffee boilers, while his ready tongue kept up a running battle that put everyone in the good humor.

While we tongue were inhaling the blended aroma of sizzling ramps and black coffee, the ladies began to lay a long row of white table covers on the grass. When they had put them down some forty or fifty feet they began putting down the ballast. When they had finished and the smoking ramps had been carried to the middle of the array, all the folks present, whether members or visitors, were invited to march around and eat what they would.

There was enough and to spare of every good thing that grows in or upon the earth in Pocahontas except honey. I presume the only reason it was not in evidence is the fact that honey and ramps do not blend.

Two things impressed me above all others. I never was in so large a crowd before where everyone's mind in such fine spirits. The other was the size of the slices of cake and pie. They were truly magnificent. Like the hearts of the people who live in

When we came back out of the Bogs to the road one of the ladies exclaimed what beautiful trilliums were on a little rise just above us, at which time all of us climbed up to see the wild flowers. You reached down and pulled up something and asked if I knew what it was. I did not and you told me it was a "ramp" and that I should have some of them growing on my preserve. I borrowed two feed sacks from the chief engineer of the Government Reservation and in a very small space got enough ramps to fill the two bags and brought same home with me and the next day had several of my men setting out ramps on different areas. Had some ramps left over and they were on my back porch the next day when one of my tenants came in to see me. This man was raised over in the Richwood country and I asked him if he knew what they were and he immediately said, "Yes, I do—they is ramps." "Are they any good to eat?" I asked. "Best thing you ever et." "Do you know how to cook them Tom?" "Yes sir, you can either cookem' or 'eatum' raw." "Well Tom, I want you to eat lunch with me and we will eat ramps—both cooked and raw—and then I want you to go down in Kincaid gorge with me to clear off a viewpoint of the river and you can go on home from there."

We went down, after eating the ramps, and worked on a steep slope. I stayed up near the top and sent Tom and a colored man down the slope to cut brush and trees. It was hot and when old Tom get "bet up" and the ramps began to volatilize I could hardly stay on the slope above him.

Then there came up a thunder storm and all of us including old Tom and myself took shelter

Hickory Lodge,
Bath County, Virginia.
Tom.

ried to the middle of the array, all the folks present whether members or visitors, were invited to march around and eat what they would.

There was enough and to spare of every good thing that grows in or upon the earth in Pocahontas except honey. I presume the only reason it was not in evidence is the fact that honey and ramps do not blend.

Two things impressed me above all others. I never was in so large a crowd before where everyone seemed in such fine spirits. The other was the size of the slices of cake and pie. They were truly magnificent. Like the hearts of the people who live in the country round about—when once you learn to know them.

The popularity of these reunions is growing. It would be my guess that Fred Hefner and Tene Lightner would generate the electricity or gas to keep it going. Anyway the ramp which not so long ago was only publicly eaten by some roving bands of seng-diggers has now been received into society.

This was my first visit to the big event. Naturally I tried to show my appreciation by eating more and still more ramps. Instead of being praised I was penalized. I am under strict orders from the committee on preparations to appear next year on the first Sunday in May—if I be then alive and out of prison—with one bed tick full of the little aromatics.

Come all ye faithful! 5-4-33 R.

RAMP-EATER'S REUNION

The ancient, tho unappreciated order of ramp-eaters held their annual reunion at Swago Sunday. The site selected was one of such rare charm that only one accustomed to hunting the lovely places in search of the fragrant lilly could fully appreciate.

The little cove, grass carpeted, made a natural ampitheatre. Gushing over a cliff on one side of the bowl is a spring large enough to turn a mill. Below the spring a smokeless open fire of dry butternut sticks. Over the fire black kettles of boiling ramps. Above the kettles loomed the genial chief cook, Tone Lightner. His watchful eye was on the cleaners, the fryers, the coffee boilers, while his ready tongue kept up a running ~~barage~~ ~~that~~ put everyone in fine good humor.

While we roughens were inhaling the blended aroma of sizzling ramps and black coffee, the ladies began to lay a long row of white ta-

ramps and black coffee. The ladies began to lay a long row of white table covers on the grass. When they had put them down some forty or fifty feet they began putting down the ballast. When they had finished and the smoking ramps had been carried to the middle of the array, all the folks present whether members or visitors, were invited to march around and eat what they would.

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West Virginia Ramp Feast

Continued from Page 13

small pile of powdered sulphur on the rocky bottom is lighted. The top of the jar is kept tightly covered for 15 or 20 minutes while the apples cure in the sulphur fumes. Thus treated, apples retain their firmness and autumn, fresh-picked flavor well into the following summer. The flavor of sulphured apples is so good, Mrs. Pickens refuses to add nutmeg or cinnamon—nothing but sugar.

There's a crowd waiting by 11 A.M. Ramp time comes handily just before the May primaries, and candidates for all the city, county and state offices are always there, handing out their cards and book matches, glad-handing. Some ramp feasts have live country-western music. Sometimes it's canned music blaring from a politician's sound track. These things, coupled with the fact that so many West Virginians consider ramp time the ideal homecoming time, gives the whole affair a happy, old-home-week atmosphere.

RAMPs and all their side dishes go beautifully with cold beer, with bourbon and all the other standard tipples, and this is how they are served at private parties all over the state. But, because public ramp feasts are usually held in church basements, school cafeterias, fire halls and the like, hard liquor is not served.

Nobody need be deprived of his behind-the-bar, however. The tailgate of a station wagon makes an ideal portable bar. In various cars parked along the roadway there are Thermos bottles filled with whisky sours. And another party has stashed a jug just over the hill, behind the big poplar tree. Local tales. That's what makes that one so popular.

The hall was used only 110 diners at a time. Ramp lovers move through by ones, twos, parties of a dozen. Sometimes larger groups charter a bus. The food is served family style, all you want at something. The staff cleans up the washed tables, and more customers come in.

NOT all of time lined up to pay \$2 apiece for ramp feasts. Although they have the other dishes. For their own protection, they must maintain the only general admission there is if you can't swing 'em, you've got 'em. They run out fast, with a without bread and butter, and after that they are undesirable to a man full of ramp feasts.

The hall is supposed to close at 8 o'clock. The staff is busy to get out before midnight. There come late to be as late as the hall, as they can buy anything except a late home.

What a ramp feast has become, the

is found among a narrow bridge, while other people wait in line at the entrance. The hall is ramp feast. Many former West Virginians living in the 1950s under the same name as of homecoming.

hard way that the powerful herb requires special storage. Put the ramps into a tightly-lidded refrigerator jar. Put this jar into a larger plastic jar, also tightly sealed. Now drop the larger container into a plastic bag, and tie the top securely. Stored overnight in the refrigerator, the ramps still will manage somehow to impregnate the eggs, butter and everything else nearby with their strong smell.

The only way to make ramps behave in storage is to quick freeze them.

Once, long ago, the smell of West Virginia ramps covered the whole country. In Richwood, Jim Comstock, now editor of the weekly *West Virginia Hillbilly*, came out with a special newspaper to celebrate the coming of ramp time. It was printed in green ink, and added to the ink was a generous quantity of ramp juice.

When the edition hit the mails, the special ink left its fragrance on every post office slot, chute, mailbag, mailbox and sorting table it touched, to say nothing of the mail carriers' hands. Postal authorities informed Comstock, in effect,

that if he ever pulled a stunt like that again they would not only put him in jail, but probably under the jail.

The hullabaloo was given national coverage by the wire services, and later a writer-photographer team came around from the *National Geographic* to do an article on ramps and Richwood.

WITH the last customer gone, Mrs. Lucille Bailey, treasurer of the sponsoring Shamrock Farm Women's Club, toted up the receipts and finds them slightly more than \$2,000. The bigger part of this is profit, for local merchants contribute food or sell it at cost for the affair. The 250 pies and the 150 dozen deviled and pickled eggs were brought without cost by the women who prepared them.

Proceeds of this year's feast will be applied to the purchase of new pews for the Ireland United Methodist Church. For this church, in years gone by, ramp feasts have paid for a new roof, hardwood flooring, interior paneling, a new basement, a new furnace and two or three coats of paint. Ramp feasts also maintain the Community Building, and

they bought the truck and building the local volunteer fire company.

Grant Lewis, a retired steelworker from Essex, is a former West Virginian who hasn't missed a ramp homecoming more than 30 years. He has dug ramps from the West Virginia hillsides, transplanted them near Baltimore. The plants hold their own, and reap year after year until pulled and eaten, but they won't multiply. Attempts at plantings in other states have had some disappointing results.

But Pete Crawford, who knows well to find ramps and how to dig them, there's no danger.

"If you leave a few when you pull out a cluster, they'll replace themselves in maybe three, four years."

"And there are hundreds of acres of ramps around here never been touched. They may be away up a trail, maybe two-hill carry back to the closest road, you can park a car, but they're there."

Among serious devotees, who will cross hell on a rotten rail for a meal of ramps when they get that spring craving, a two-hill carry wouldn't be considered an inconvenience.



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The hall can seat only 116 diners at a time. Ramp lovers move through by twos, foursomes, parties of a dozen. Sometimes larger groups charter a bus. The meal is served family style, all you want of everything. The staff cleans up the vacated tables, and more customers move in.

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NOT all of those lined up to pay \$2 apiece are ramp lovers, although they enjoy the other dishes. For their own protection, they must embrace the only practical solution there is: If you can't whup 'em, jine 'em. They eat one raw ramp, with or without bread and butter, and after that they are comfortable in a room full of ramp eaters.

The hall is supposed to close at 8 o'clock. The staff is lucky to get out before midnight. Many come late to be on hand at the finish, so they can buy leftover ramps to take home.

Many a ramp lover has learned the

A couple crosses a narrow bridge, while other people wait to get in the community hall for ramp feast. Many former West Virginians drive 300 to 400 miles to attend feast with air of homecoming.

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THE BAD BREATH OF RICHWOOD

Wild 'Onion' Big In Small-Town Spring Festival

By RICHARD GRIMES

WHEN the last spring snow in the mountains covers the Appalachian hardwoods, the defiant leaves of the wild ramps inch their way through the cold whiteness on the ground and literally permeate the air. Their perfume is not the sweet fragrance of arbutus but the pungent stench of garlic.

It is the time of year, usually near the Easter season, when highlanders skilled in the art of procuring ramps (as ramps is called) can be found climbing Droop Mountain overlooking the scenic Cranberry River in Central West Virginia.

Each person, sniffing vigorously as he goes, is equipped with a trowel, basket, and mattock—a digging tool that also serves as a makeshift cane.

Down in the valley the picturesque little town of Richwood (population 5,000) is preparing for a celebrational festival that might end all festivals for one who has only smelled ramps but has never been brave enough to taste them.

IN A STATE where mountain folklore produces many legends, the custom of eating ramps to celebrate the arrival of spring has led to what may be one of the strangest of all traditions — The Richwood Ramps Festival, called of late The Feast of the Ramps.

It is a time of year when brave ramp eaters in West Virginia and from communities thousands of miles away gather at the wooded settlements. There they devour more than 100 baskets of ramps plus delicious brown beans, corn, peas, home fries, and ham and potato soup served with generous helpings.

Some have a very strong odor, and the aftermath of eating them might best be described as comparable to the effects of smelling or garlic. Some, however, without breathing any's breath or taking a bath. The custom of ramps gets not only on the breath but also on the system. For days after one eats them, the odor is rampant with the perspiration.

In one form or another, ramp eating has been going on in South-Central West Virginia

since Civil War days. During that war soldiers found the wild food tempting to their appetites and spread the word, and breath, back home.

An annual ramps celebration was begun in 1896 and was officially listed as a festival in 1936, according to an area history buff.

The place where the best ramps grow has become a well-kept secret, and only the oldest men in the community are supposed to know where the prized bulbs cluster. Some take the secret to their graves. Others pass it on to the oldest and wisest of the town.

Eating leeks has been a tradition for generations in West Virginia. The theory is that in the days before refrigerated food came to the hills, ramps were the first fresh, green edibles obtainable in the early spring.

The residents viewed ramps as a welcome tonic. Nutritious and rich in Vitamin C, the bulbs have the capacity to ward off scurvy, which a long winter diet void of vegetables and fruit can bring about. Some

persons assert that a forkful of ramps has more iron than a pound of liver.

A few years ago, the editor of a nationally circulated weekly newspaper scented his ink with the ill-smelling ramps during spring festival time and packaged them for his subscribers throughout the country.

However, Uncle Sam was a spoilsport. The journalist was informed that it was above and beyond the call of duty for postal workers to be expected to make it through the day with such an odor permeating the mail compound.

RAMP eaters by the thousands faithfully turn out on an April day in Richwood to sing, enjoy entertainment, and eat freshly picked ramps that experienced diggers say are better along the Cranberry River than anywhere else in North America.

The ramp — a small highly scented plant — is a cousin of the wild leek. Cultivated throughout Europe, the wild leek is praised by continental

gourmet cooks. The leek is the national flower of Wales, and Shakespeare mentioned it often in his writings.

Also native to North America, it is usually abundant at elevations above 3,000 feet in woodlands stretching from Canada to North Carolina.

Botanically it is classified as an American leek, which is a bulb when it matures. It is a member of the lily family and a cousin of the onion and the garlic bulb. The fact that it is a lily once inspired a visitor to remark, "Ramps may be lilies, but people who eat them sure aren't."

As one approaches Richwood from the north, a welcome sign invites: "Help Us Stink Up Our Town."

An old-timer may yell at you to roll down your car window. If you respond by asking directions to the feast, he will no doubt answer, "If you need further directions, your nose isn't working."

The odor becomes unbearable a block from the festival building.

Inside at the feast site a

ramp lover who has many miles to get to before an overflowing ramps with a clothespin nose.

Highlights of the festival include the election of a girl community as "Belle of a performance by a band show put on by a bander who does pretty fairs of dogs and bears.

Only at Richwood get your ramps raw, boiled, baked, fried according to one old poached.

LEGEND has it that only men ate ramps and men dared go no closer to the kitchen. But the odor and the odor in Richwood grew. It got to the point sons, fathers, and grand were banned from home at a time.

The only solution was women to join the ramps thereby eliminating the jections to the smell.

Another famous tale of a school mistress from a state who was overruled day when her prominent male class showed up of ramps. She was in choice but to dismiss the

Anyone visiting Richwood the right time will easily find his way to the ramps if he just follows his nose.



Valiant Dad Shows (Admiring?) Sons and Disheartened Wife How to Eat Helping of Odoriferous West Virginia

Before the Days of the Sp

It's the age of the specialist in everything—in teaching also. Today, the schools have guidance counselors, supervisors, music teachers, biologists, reading specialists, etc. But time was when the teacher was all things to all people.

I was once one of those teachers—all things to all people.

I taught in the heart of the West Virginia coal mining region, and I was "Teach" to the little sons of the first generation Americans there.

"Teach, come out and play ball with us. Teach, take us for a walk and picnic."

As Teach, I followed a variegated career: 57 different varieties of duties, all the things an "old-fashioned school teacher" had to do. Let me give you a few examples. . . .

When I began teaching civics, history, and physical education in Fairmont, W. Va., a teacher was expected to turn his hand to anything from home economics to plumbing. And I frequently did.

The manual arts teacher disappeared, and overnight I found myself in a world

of bits, lathes, and junior electronics. I learned on the job for two weeks and then suddenly was handed the job of putting electrical outlets in all the schoolrooms so radio programs could be received.

It was not ours to reason why, so I pressed a student assistant,



Marvin, into service (this was the depression '30s) and started a survey of the wiring in the attic. I left my assistant close to the chimney and started walking toward the slanting eaves through the must and dust of the 40-year-old attic. Four paces forward and all hell broke loose. I whipped around to see clouds of dust pour-

About the Author

Patrick A. Tork, author of this article, is professor of physical education at the University of West Virginia.



Professor Tork

But before joining the university staff, he taught 14 years in the Marion County school system in West Virginia—the locale of these reminiscences.

Professor Tork also is the father of Marine Lt. Dave Tork, who held

the world pole vault record (16 feet, 2 inches) at one time this year.

Professor Tork's recollections were printed originally in the Charleston (W. Va.) Sunday Gazette-Mail, and appear in The National Observer by special arrangement.

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All in all, it made me wish I was a specialist who could stick to teaching. But when the hospital reported that Marvin had no internal injuries, I began to believe it and to relax. Anyway, it kept the dull times off for the first grade and for the teacher—who still wouldn't speak to me for a long time. I did get those outlets in though.

I have always preached to my classes that a teacher must be firm but fair, and I preached it once too often.

I had a health class meeting during the last period each Friday. There were 40 ninth-grade boys who were instructed to bring their books to the class. . . .

their conversation walked to the paddle. I never saw class. Their eye could have run through there with attention. I've again. I got up my coattails, and Sidney Carlton Scottie locked the paddle and. You know, I've key troubles all

In the old spirit of camaraderie who were all that is not quite era of guidance specialists, and fine spirit, and it, as I found

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A great roar and bellowing poured up an old air shaft along with choking clouds of dust. Feeling my student was dead and feeling doubly guilty, I rushed down the stairs to the first floor and into the first grade.

The young teacher had fainted across the desk into a mess of splayed primers and washable ink.

The students paid no attention to her. They were standing, shoulders crouched, gaping incredulously to the left, held in rigid awe and silence by the black figure rising magically and wordlessly from the black clouds pouring out of the half-opened air vent.

I was anxious to prevent a mob rush for the door. It took me a minute to get the air vent pulled



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At the first class 30 boys forgot their books. I laid down an iron-clad rule—from now on anyone forgetting collects one swat from a paddle (I never gave a boy more than one lick). Twenty boys showed up the next class without books. I lined them up, and there were 20 resounding whacks.

They took their medicine fine. At the next class there were only five forgetters and five swats. Then none.

This worked fine till the day I rushed from gym class to the health class. I whizzed in to my desk, sat down, and reached in my pocket for my keys to my desk. No keys. I searched desperately through all my pockets. No keys. Forty boys were looking at me with the fixity of a bird dog pointing quail. Unnerved, I mumbled, "I believe I've forgotten my keys."

Scottie, my prize student, rose from his seat, walked to the front of the room, and said:

"Mr. Tork, I believe we have certain rules and regulations in this class."

I ran tongue over my dry lips and replied, "Scottie, I'm afraid you're right."

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ther conversation, Mr. Tork." Scottie walked to the cabinet and got out my paddle. I never saw such good attention in class. Their eyes never left me. You could have run a hamburger cart right through there without distracting their attention. I've never had such control again. I got up from the desk, spread my coattails, and bent over. I felt like Sidney Carton mounting the guillotine. Scottie locked both hands tightly around the paddle and hit me a terrific whack. You know, I've never had any book or key troubles since.

In the old days there was a distinct spirit of camaraderie among the teachers, who were all things to all men—a spirit that is not quite as evident today in our era of guidance counselors, statistical specialists, and other experts. This was a fine spirit, and it didn't do to trifle with it, as I found to my grief.

One day, early in my career, I stumbled by chance on an odd protective custom of the teachers.

Whenever the superintendent of schools, a sternly Jovian figure, came to inspect the classes, the first teacher to spot him would send a student with an eraser to the first grade. The first grade teacher in turn would send it on to the second grade teacher, and so on until it raced through the nine grades and all the teachers were on their guard against a possible visitation from "ol' Fuss and Feathers," their private name for the superintendent.



One of the students had told on me, and with the aid of the janitor the teachers had deluged me. I looked pretty stupid that day teaching history and civics in my gym suit, but at least it was dry. And the water cure cured me permanently of "passing the eraser."

In an age of non-specialists the teacher performed many an intimate duty that a graduate of our colleges of education today would probably balk at. The first-grade teacher had a little boy pupil who was very dirty, never took a bath, and carried about him an odor that lifted the noses of the class. Finally in desperation the teacher asked me to bathe him.

Feeling somewhat reluctant, I took the little chap to the shower room and stripped him, thinking what a multitude of duties a teacher's job involved. I turned the shower on, but the boy wouldn't go near the water. I tried to shove him under; but he fought like a professional football tackle, getting me under the shower in the process.

Finally I had to strip down and hold him under the shower. But when he finally came out he was as clean and immaculate as an operating room.

Thereafter, every time this youngster saw me he grinned up eagerly—"Mr. Tork, let's we take a shower." His conversion and immersion were sudden but complete.

Then there is the ever-ready problem of discipline. Today, a teacher would not dare lay a hand on a child in reprimand, even if he were defended by a battery of Harvard legal talent. Things were a little easier in the old days.

I recall walking through the hall one day years ago at the noon hour and hearing Frank, one of our eighth grade boys, blessing out in the crudest terms the sixth grade teacher who was monitoring the hall. His ugly words seemed such

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The teachers dreaded a visitation from him, felt it to be a harrowing experience.

In my youthful ardor, I found this situation irresistible. From time to time, I would swear a student to secrecy and get him to start an eraser around when the superintendent wasn't within 20 miles of the building.

For a month, this really kept them on edge, and they puzzled no end over this rash of pass-the-eraser incidents. For a month I was secure in my pride as a practical joker and I felt I could continue upsetting the distraught teachers indefinitely.

It was fine until the morning I found my office door partially open; I pushed in,



and had to swim out. A huge bucket of water rigged on the top of the door scored a bull's-eye on my head drenching me completely and soppingly and banging my skull with a loud resonant ring, which I couldn't hear because

there were seven teachers and a janitor there in my office laughing and laughing.

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I recall walking through the hall one day years ago at the noon hour and hearing Frank, one of our eighth grade boys, blessing out in the crudest terms the sixth grade teacher who was monitoring the hall. His ugly words seemed such an affront to the woman that I turned immediately and grabbed Frank by the shoulders and shook him and lectured him and shook him again until his shirt split at the shoulders. As soon as he got away, he raced down the hall seeding the air with hot language and threats.

"My dad'll get ya' for this. You better buy me a new shirt."

Sure enough, an hour later the principal called me into his office. Frank's dad was there and wanted to see me. After he got through a five-minute tirade, I finally got a chance to speak.

"Now let me explain a minute, Mr. Doe. You want people to respect your wife. You have a daughter here in school. You want the boys to respect her, don't you?"

He agreed, reluctantly.

"But that's what your son didn't do. He used language to the teacher that was ugly and abusive. You want your boy to be courteous and a gentleman. That's why you're sending him here." I went on in this vein, and he gradually quieted down. "Now, I'm sorry about Frank's shirt, and I'll be glad to buy him a new one."

Mr. Doe thought for a few seconds,

them all.

I once had Charley, who was two miles from here. He was a boy, intelligent, strong, a student athlete, and he got into professional career of—a number of things done this

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me. then he picked up his miner's cap from the principal's desk and waved his hand deprecatingly.

"Mr. Tork, if Frank do that again, you kick hell outa him."

Today, Frank is a stellar citizen. Incidentally, I didn't have to buy him a new shirt.

But there were, of course, many poignant experiences that occurred while I taught these children of the coal miners, railroaders, and professional people. Some were so painful I cannot bear to recount them now.

Let me relate one incident to represent them all.

I once had a fifth-grade student named Charley, who lived in a coal mining camp two miles from our school. He was a fine boy, intelligent and blessed with a graceful, strong body. He was my favorite student and such a remarkable natural athlete that I had hopes of his moving into professional baseball and making a career of it and thus helping his family—a number of West Virginia boys have done this.

One day his mother sent him to the company store for groceries. A coal train had stopped on the tracks in front of the store. Charley was in a hurry, and he climbed up on the couplers to get to the other side. Just as he reached the top of the car couplers, the train started with a sharp jerk and toppled Charley down between the tracks. His left arm fell across the rail, and the train wheels passed over it. He reached with his right hand to pull it off and the wheel passed over two fingers of his right hand. He lay on his back until 60 coal cars had passed over him, then got up, picked up his severed arm, and walked home with red arterial blood spurting out from the mutilated stump.

By one of those miracles no one can really explain, Charley eventually got well. I taught him up through the ninth grade. I taught him up through the ninth grade. I taught him up through the ninth grade.

Schaus, head coach of the Los Angeles Lakers, wrote to me, "I played golf yesterday with Johnnie McKay, head football coach of the University of Southern California in Los Angeles. He told me how instrumental you were to his success through your encouraging him to continue his education."

I remember Johnnie as he was when I had him from the first through the ninth grade in the Fairmont public school system. And I rejoice at his success.

I remember also a knock on my door one night long after midnight during World War II. I opened it with the uncertainty one felt in those days. Young Billy stood there in his navy uniform. Billy had been a good pupil of mine. He wouldn't come in, but stood for a few minutes under the bleak porch light. He had been on the USS Hornet and was one of the few survivors

when it was sunk by the Japanese in the Pacific. He had been through a lot, and it weighed on his mind; he knew I was concerned about him, so he stopped to speak to me even before he reached his own home.

There were strong personal ties between teacher and pupil in those days.

But today this personal attention is impossible. Specialization has nullified it. We must now have guidance counselors whose special work is to handle the personal problems of the students. IBM machines teach children language in language laboratories. All is glorious mechanical.

No doubt this is necessary. No longer teachers of academic subjects no longer have the time to devote to the personal student. But something is lost.



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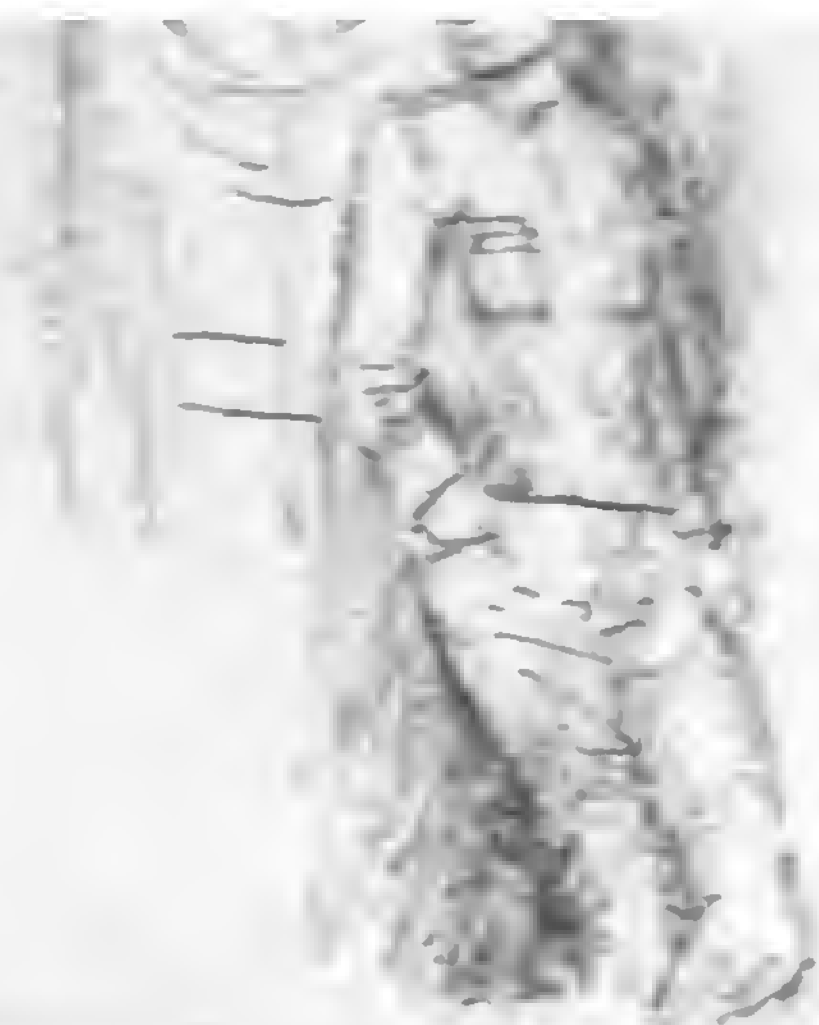
By one of those miracles no one can really explain, Charley eventually got well. I taught him up through the ninth grade. He was one of the nicest boys I have ever taught. By another miracle, which I suppose you can partially explain by spirit, Charley became the school softball pitcher, played basketball, and developed into an outstanding tumbler. He could do more with one arm and three fingers than most boys of whole bodies.

He remains one of the most courageous persons I have ever known.

So now I take the backward look, a glance back over 30 years of teaching. I see not a blurred mass of faces but individual students, boys and girls with individual problems, problems I have helped solve, feeling a kind of wonder at seeing a little way into the strangeness of a mind and soul developing. Each student's problem became a special case; none was unimportant.

There is a great pride, too, coming from this teacher-student relationship, a pride that swells up when a young man or woman, now running strongly and successfully in the race of life, pauses long enough to remind you of how you helped in their difficult times.

I felt this pride recently when Fred



there in his navy uniform. Billy had been a good pupil of mine. He wouldn't come in, but stood for a few minutes under the bleak porch light. He had been on the USS Hornet and was one of the few survivors

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No doubt this is necessary. No doubt teachers of academic subjects no longer have the time to devote to the problems of each student. But something irreplaceable has been lost here; namely that rapport between student and teacher, which in the old days was at the very heart of the learning process.

Who can imagine a clutch of grubby fifth-grade urchins running up to a squat IBM machine and chanting, "Teach, come out and play ball with us." "Teach, take us for a walk and picnic today."

Now that I teach in a university, I look back at the long diminishing corridor of innumerable students. Thousands of their faces line the long corridor of time running back to 1929, my first year as a teacher. These faces have cost me thousands of dollars—dollars I would have made in the very lucrative positions offered me from time to time if I would abandon teaching. I was tempted; but I did not fall. I have never regretted it. It's far better than being a millionaire, this being "Teach."

And I hope that in 1990 some lad who is 20 now will be writing with this same satisfaction his own, "Confessions of an Old-fashioned School Teacher."

School Talk

by Gibbs Kinderman

Our guest columnist this week is B. B. Williams, Pocahontas County Superintendant of Schools - in 1915! He wrote this column at the end of the 1914-15 school year. It first appeared on the front page of The Pocahontas Times, June 24, 1915. Mr. Williams had a true passion for education, a passion which comes through clearly in his words. In June 1915, Mr. Williams was a deeply frustrated man. He believed, as do I, that without the strong support of the parents, the school system can not truly succeed in educating the children of the community - and he felt that support was insufficient. Do his thoughts hold a lesson for us, 79 years later?

The Schools

The school year will in a few days close, and varied are the experiences of the school officials of the past year in the discharge of their duties. As one of the school officials of the county I am of the opinion that the schools are about as efficient as they ever will be until the public sentiment can be changed to cooperate with the efforts of the teacher and school officer. The teacher, pupil, patron, board member, and trustee are all and each an important factor in the great system of general and public education, and until these factors work in harmony and cooperate in the advancement and progress that the system of public instruction must make in order to meet the demands of the age, these will

will necessarily be some changes in some neighborhoods. Some schools that have been running will have to close under the new law which requires an average daily attendance of ten pupils. Common school graduates living in districts not supporting a High School will have the tuition paid by the board of education of their district if they attend some high school in the state. Boards of education have more power along the lines of consolidation than they have heretofore had.

The following may be of some interest: Common School graduates for this year - Elementary Test.

- *Edray District - 8
- *Green Bank District - 23
- *Huntersville District - 11
- *Little Levels District - 22
- *Total - 64

Highest average made by any pupil in one examination of the year was made by Noel Phillips of Green Bank district - average 97, and the next was made by Miss Blanche I. Dean of Huntersville district, whose average was 92 per cent made in one examination.

Number teachers employed:

- *Edray District - 43
- *Green Bank - 56
- *Huntersville - 21
- *Little Levels - 32
- *Total - 152

Sixty-one teachers from other counties and ninety-one home teachers. Certificates - 70 ones, 63 twos, and 19 threes.

B. B. Williams, Co. Supt.

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Let cooperation and harmony be the watch words for the coming school year. For the last four years I have studied school conditions in this county and I am of the opinion that our schools would be more than twice as efficient had we the sympathy and cooperation that an honored system like the schools justly demands at the hands of every right thinking person. Parents permit their children to attend the movies, loaf about the streets and country when they should be preparing their lessons for the next day. As the county superintendent of your county, I want to say that no child or pupil can make any thing like progress while he habitually attends the picture show or neglects to study.

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